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SEPTEMBER 28, 1987

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 24, 1991, VOL. 136 NO. 47

COVER

The trans-plast revolution

In the two decades since South African doctor Christiaan Barnard performed the world's first heart transplant, organ transplantation has lost much of its novelty—but none of its drama. With more than 3,000 transplants performed in Canada alone in the past year, surgeons are continuing to test their limits. —Page 34

COVER PHOTO BY J. M. HARRIS



The Péquites in turmoil
Nine days after the death of Parti Québécois founder René Lévesque, his successor, Pierre Marc Johnson, announced his resignation, throwing the PQ into crisis. —Page 6



Songs of a native son
The Road is a rock legend. Now, his former guitarist-singer, Robbie Robertson, has a solo album that shows his god-given gifts—and his Indian roots. —Page 42



A veteran's campaign
Before 10,000 supporters in Russell, Kan., Republican Senator Robert Dole formally launched his presidential campaign as the candidate of the American heartland. —Page 16



Life without a husband
After leaving her movie-star husband, Sylvester Stallone, Brigitte Nielsen has become a star on her own, appearing regularly in German glossy magazines. —Page 46

CONTENTS

Bain	48
Broadcasting	28
Braxton	7
Business/Economy	26
Canada	8
Cover	34
Critics	29
Editorial	2
FINES	29
Fotheringham	60
Law	34
Music	32
Newsweek	36
Passages	4
People	46
Sports	47
Theatre	27
World	36

The debate rages on

What is labelled "free trade" and heralded as the way of the future is in fact accelerated integration with the American empire ("Retraining the nation," *Coner*, Oct. 19). As we turn toward the American, we turn away from the rest of the world. We also turn away from what little remains of the Canadian way of doing things at home—something many of us have come to treasure. The people who see this debate as strictly over jobs and dollars are entering to our fear and greed, instead of the idealism and relaxed common sense that made Canada such a fine place for most of us so long ago. To view across the border is to see an extremely unpleasant alternative. —**KEVIN THORNER**, Victoria

Free trade in principle promises the Canadian businessman access to a larger market in the United States. Unfortunately, the Japanese, who saw economic wealth of that market, could undercut Canadian goods, rendering this new heaven unprofitable. Canada, however, will still be bound by agreement to supply the energy-hungry American states with our natural resources. Canada has little to gain, but much to lose, if a final free trade deal is signed. —**JOHN THORNTON**, Victoria

Why fear free trade? Given 10 years, the gains will far outweigh the losses. Our communications, transportation, mining, forestry, steel, etc., are competitive anywhere in the world. Prices would be lower for many goods, and ultimately our standard of living would rise. With-



Trade negotiator Simon Armitage smiles.

out free trade, Canada would shrink in competitiveness and stature and, as a result, lose many of its most capable and industrious people. A weak Canada is more susceptible to losing its cultural heritage than a vigorous, competitive Canada. —**N. ARCHIE STEVEN**, Winnipeg

I find the timid insecurity of our cultural institutions over free trade with the United States disgusting. Sure, we may have to give up some of the cultural featherbedding and government-financed mediocrity rampant at the National Film Board and the CBC and emanating from the Canada Council. As a taxpayer, I say good riddance. I am convinced, however, that our solid staff—the work of a Pierre Berton or a Robert Bateman or cine's *Front Page Challenge*, for example—will not only survive but flourish. It would be great if our best writers and creative artists would set on the extraordinary challenge and opportunity of penetrating the huge cultural market south of the 49th parallel, and succeed in doing the appalling ignorance about us down there. They should find the example of our performing artists, who are no less Canadian because of their success on both sides of the border, inspiring. —**JOSEPH E. BAGO**, Vancouver

How curious that America's chase to see red, white and blue for the layout of the Oct. 19 cover. Was that intentional or simply a Freudian slip? Perhaps the Canadian flag should have been removed as well from behind Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. —**CARL SCHROEDER**, Ontario

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's Magazine, Maclean's Building, 177 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1A7.

PASSAGES

DISCOVERY: Toronto Quasar artist and humanitarian Nancy Pocock, 71, by Give Give Jeanne Savoy, who presented her in Ottawa with the annual Pearson Peace Medal, established in 1979 in honour of the late prime minister Lester Pearson, for her contribution to international peace and understanding. Pocock began helping newcomers to Canada during the Vietnam War when she opened her doors to American draft-dodgers and deserters and Vietnamese refugees. More recently she has been helping refugees from Central America.

DEED: Physicist George Craig Lasner, 55, a pioneer of Canadian nuclear research, of cancer, is hospital in his home town of Deep River, Ont. Lasner joined the National Research Council in 1950 and, after the American nuclear attacks on Japan during the Second World War, became head of reactor research and development for Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., which developed the CANDU reactor.

DEED: Western Canadian feminist and human rights worker Carole Geller, 54, the first executive director of the Manitoba labor department's pay equity bureau and earlier the first director of the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission, of cancer, at her home in Toronto. Geller had also been president of the Manitoba Union of Women and a one-time unsuccessful New Democratic Party municipal candidate in Winnipeg.

CLEARER: Movie producer Carlo Ponti, 75, by the Italian Supreme Court, of government charges brought in 1978 that he had illegally exported about \$2.6 million of public money that he had received to finance films exclusively in Italy. Ponti's wife, actress Sophia Loren, 55, served 17 days in prison in 1982 after she was convicted of cheating on her income tax.

DEED: World's America's eighth-most movie and TV comedian Ralph (Buckley) Vernon, 63, of a heart attack, at his Hollywood home. Vernon became popular in the 1960s through appearances on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*, was the voice of the cartoon figure Freddy the Screamers in holiday specials, appeared in the 1970 movie *The Gong Show*. *That Country's* *Shout Straight* and recently in *Amazon Women From the Moon*.

DEED: President Seydi Kountché, 56, ruler for 13 years of the impoverished West African state of Niger, of a brain tumor, in a Paris hospital. Authorities in his country's capital of Niamey appointed one of Kountché's cousins, army Chief of Staff Col. Ali Solha, 47, to replace him.



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A new city of culture

For half a century, the very name of the city conjured up visions of decaying 19th-century tenements, public drunkenness and mindless acts of violence committed by roaming gangs of inner-city hoodlums. Now, however, residents of Glasgow, on the River Clyde in Scotland, have a new civic pride. During the past 10 years large-scale private development and a massive government cleanup have succeeded in transforming the

city into the city's economic mainstay, but thousands of jobs have been lost as Glasgow's heavy industries have declined. But now, despite continuing economic problems—the local unemployment is 22 per cent—Glasgow's renaissance has impressed not only its own residents but also outsiders. And to emphasize the city's changing fortunes, officials have even embarked on a publicity campaign to attract more tourists to the Scottish city of 700,000.



Recently cleaned building in Glasgow: rejuvenation, development and a sense of civic pride.

once pollution-choked city into an attractive, lively urban centre. "People who have not been here for 10 years are astonished at all the changes," said deputy town clerk Theo Cremon, 58. "Glaswegians have regained their sense of pride and dignity."

Glasgow's fortunes have waxed and waned over the past 400 years. It has been, alternately, a major market for the tobacco trade, a world textile centre and, at the height of the Industrial Revolution, the so-called "second city" of the British Empire because of its dominant role in shipbuilding and heavy industry. But as the empire began to crumble, so did Glasgow's importance as an industrial city. During the 1940s there were 31 shipyards employing 68,000 workers, currently there are just four active shipyards employing 6,500 people. Light manufacturing

Over the past decade government agencies have restored more than 10,000 derelict inner-city houses and constructed 3,000 new ones in a part of Glasgow's east end that was once a squalid, crime-ridden slum. In the downtown core, developers have converted 19th-century warehouses into stylish apartment buildings and offices. New hotels, shopping centres, art galleries and restaurants have sprung up throughout the city. And the rejuvenation has encouraged thousands of Glaswegians, including many young professionals, to move back into the inner city from the suburbs. Said Margaret Sherry, 34, a public relations officer who two years ago moved to a renovated Victorian house near the riverbank: "I remember when I was a child thinking how horrible it must be to live in this area. But everything has

changed. Young people are attracted back to the neighborhood because it is so close to the city centre."

Even the loss of heavy industry has had one beneficial effect: most of the smokestacks that used to belch thick clouds of soot into the atmosphere have disappeared. Said Patrick Lally, 59, leader of Glasgow's district council: "When I was a boy, we used to look forward to July because that was when the factories would shut down for two weeks. By the end of the second week you could actually look across the city and see the hills in the distance—the soot of the year there was just thick black smoke." Currently, Glasgow's only major source of pollution is the traffic that streams through the heart of the city on elevated expressways.

Glaswegians are now trying to spread the word about the city's transformation with the aid of a \$1.8-million publicity campaign led by the slogan "Glasgow's Mean Beauty." Said Michael Kelly, 41, who first proposed the campaign while serving as the city's lord provost, or mayor, in 1982: "I realized that everywhere I traveled, people had this appalling image of Glasgow as being dirty and dangerous. The problem was that after modernizing and cleaning ourselves up, we left out the most important part, which was to tell the rest of the world about it."

The publicity appears to be working. According to Lally, the number of visitors increased to two million in 1988 from 700,000 in 1984. And the Greater Glasgow Tourist Board predicts that as many as five million tourists will visit the city in 1990, the year in which Glasgow will be designated European City of Culture. That honor is bestowed annually by the 12-member European Committee, which promotes the chosen city's rich and diverse cultural life throughout other member countries. Previous recipients have included such centres as Athens, Amsterdam and Florence.

Still, city officials and local businessmen say that the city still needs a great deal of improvement. Declared Kelly, who now runs a private public relations firm in the city: "How can anyone afford to sit back when unemployment in some housing projects is as high as 50 per cent? There is still an enormous amount of work to be done. But for the first time in decades, the mood in Glasgow is one of optimism rather than despair."

—BOBBY LLOYD in Glasgow



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FOLLOW-UP

A killer on the loose

Despite the warmth of the sunny June day, it was a grim Sunday for King County, Wash., police. Last August, Nolan As he examined the partially clad body of a young woman found on a steep embankment near the Green River, Nolan says that he knew she was probably the latest victim of North America's most vicious serial killer. Since July, 1982, police allege that the murderer, known as the Green River Killer, is known to have brutally slain 37 people, all of them women and many of them prostitutes or runaways. Despite the failure to solve the murders, Nolan, 43—operations commander of the 30-member Seattle-based task force that was created to find the killer—says that he is confident his squad will catch the murderer. "We will solve it," he added. "Serial killers take time to catch, anything from three to five years."

Most of the victims of the Green River Killer have been hidden in brush within a few kilometres of the river. The task force, formed in January, 1984—after 13 victims had been dead—has made use of computers and lasers in its investigation. But although hundreds of tips and interviews have yielded 3,000 possible suspects, no arrests have been made. Indeed, since June three more women have been found murdered, although police have not yet said whether the Green River Killer could be responsible. Police say that the task has been especially difficult because of their inability to pin down the movements of many of the treatment victims prior to their deaths. And the lack of progress has led some Seattle residents to criticize the force's abilities and initiatives.

The task force has spent \$16 million so far on the investigation. Its specially designed \$600,000 computer has sifted through more than 30,000 leads to turn up a priority list of about 500 suspects from as many as 7,000. "We may have the name of the killer on the system already," Nolan said. High-tech lasers have been used to analyze fingerprints. Many psychics have contacted the police with alleged information about the murders, although their claims have not received serious consideration. And psychologists have been called in to deal with the investigators' low morale. But Nolan "This case has become part of the fabric of our lives."

Still, some residents charge that not enough has been done—largely because

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of the victims' social backgrounds. "This case would have gone differently if the victims had not been throwaways," said Cooke Hunt, a Seattle freelance writer. Hunt is also a spokesman for the 16-member Women's Coalition to Stop the Green River Murders. The women held a three-day sit-in at the task force headquarters in July, 1988, to protest the lack of progress in the case. "A lot of the women were not prostitutes," Hunt added. "Some were young mothers and even pregnant."

For his part, Nolan, a 35-year police veteran, acknowledges that the nature of the victims' backgrounds has been a problem—but only because of the investment firms that they led. "If these victims were teachers and nurses, we would have a better handle on their movements," he said. "One difficulty is that a prostitute's movements are difficult to pin down into precise times." Moreover, he said, there often been miscommunication about where the women who had worked for them had been before their deaths. Added Nolan, "Obviously the community at large would be more interested if 'normal' people were being killed. But it is beyond anything the victims did for a living. People are being killed."

Meanwhile, using an FBI analysis based on task force information, Seattle police have developed a character profile of the murderer. He is, they say, a middle-aged white male, aged 35-45, with strong feelings of inadequacy. The man, probably a school dropout, may have himself been the victim of physical and mental abuse as a child. "When he sees women openly prostituting themselves, that makes his blood boil," said the FBI report. "He is killing because the victims are not listening to his preaching regarding their activities, or they are laughing at him." Now, Nolan says that the killer may not have been in another area. He added, "Serial killers are obsessed with being mobile. He may kill elsewhere."

At least one Seattle couple has decided to act independently. Merle Winston, 44, whose 29-year-old daughter, Tracy Ann, disappeared four years ago and may have been one of the killer's victims, issued a public appeal to the murderer with her husband, Charles, in local newspapers. "For almost four years our daughter has been missing and is suspected of being one of your victims," Merle Winston said. "If you have taken her life, we would receive great comfort in knowing where her body was left so that we can give her a Christian burial, rather than have her left in the woods, alone, forever." But to that appeal and to the investigation, the only response has been a frustrating silence.

—JOHN BOWEN in Seattle



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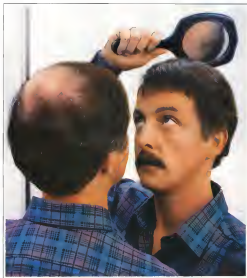
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If you are facing baldness

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Hair loss only becomes a problem when the strands being lost exceed the rate of regrowth. This is when you're likely to face progressive hair loss, or baldness.

It can take considerable time, however, until you notice signs of baldness. You may actually lose more than 50% of your hair before the loss becomes apparent.

What is the most common type of baldness?

If you are experiencing progressive hair loss, you may be experiencing hereditary "male pattern baldness"—the most common type of baldness among men.

However, this should be determined by a physician, not yourself. Only your doctor has the necessary expertise to make an accurate diagnosis. If you are indeed facing male pattern baldness, your doctor

can assess whether you could benefit from new treatment programs for baldness.

How has baldness been treated?

The on-going concern over baldness among many men has given rise to the use of toupees and wigs. Many cosmetic approaches such as hair weaving and surgical techniques including hair transplantation have also been developed.

As well, various scalp preparations have been made available. Although none have ever been proven effective, the advertising of such products has led consumers to believe that they are scientifically documented and medically approved remedies for baldness.

How can your doctor treat baldness?

As your physician can tell you, many of the treatments used in the past have not been effective.

In more recent years, new treatment programs for common baldness have been developed. These programs have been tested by doctors, and have shown good

results. Moreover, they are available only through the medical profession.

Since everyone's scalp and hair growth potential is different, your doctor will consider a number of factors before recommending any new treatment program. In determining whether a treatment program might be of value to you, factors such as your age and the time over which you've been balding must be considered.

Why you should talk to your doctor

Now that you're aware of some of the factors affecting hair loss and the new treatment programs, you should be aware of the importance of seeking professional advice.

Only your doctor, through careful evaluation of your particular circumstances, can determine whether a treatment program may be of benefit to you.

So if you are concerned about hair loss, do consult your doctor. Together you'll be able to decide what's best for you.

If you are facing baldness, talk to your doctor.

Selling a bit of English magic

A flower box, filtered through the stained-glass windows and crystal chandeliers of London's venerable Painters Hall, lured the 190 bidders and spectators in a soft and dappled light. But the auction organizer's large sign, obscuring part of a portrait of Queen Elizabeth II, contributed to a slightly shabby atmosphere. Still, every time auctioneer Ray Knappert's tiny wooden hammer fell, successful bidders, including London art dealer Harold Forman, were delighted. For \$19,000, Forman had become the Lord of Little Harsted. "It's all right, there's no need to grieve," Forman told reporters after the sale. "I probably shall close a few roads, open a few schools."

In truth, the titles purchased by Forman and the other successful bidders—including three Canadians—have little practical worth. The Oct. 26 auction collected a total of \$666,000 for 38 lordships of the manner, as they are known. Along with the name, each buyer gets a modicum of acres. In some cases, there are also such ancient priv-

ileges as the right to appoint the church choirmaster or escort the Queen when she visits. But what bidders are mainly interested in, said Robert Smith, managing director of Manorial Research Ltd., which organized the auction, is "a bit of English magic."

Since 1961, when Smith's London-

At an average price of \$24,000, 11th-century manorial titles have been bought by people from as far afield as Hong Kong

based firm held its first auction, 600 manorships—of the 13,418 originally created in the 11th century by William the Conqueror—have been purchased by new lords from as far afield as Hong Kong and New Jersey. And the manors have produced welcome income for former title owners,

including Charles Howard, 12th Earl of Carlisle, who recently sold four of his 30-odd titles. Said Howard: "I required money for re-roofing my castle."

Over the past six years the average price of a manorial lordship—distilled from other hereditary titles—has climbed from \$2,800 to \$24,000. "I am acquiring them because of their investment potential," said Montreal-born Marcov Barones-Dunston, 58, a retired music-businessman who has so far bought three titles. He added: "They are much better than a work of art because they cannot be destroyed. And one is part of a very great history where one acquires one."

But some Britons have voiced concern over the title's auction. David Duncan Mackay, spokesman for the Henley-on-Thames-based Open Spaces Society, Britain's oldest land conservation body: "The sale of manorial lordships that include privileges over common land should be subject to expert restrictions." One note elicited considerable comment at the latest auction—that of the lordship of Old Buckenham, with a few ancient rights over what is reportedly England's largest village green, 125 km southeast of London. After brisk bidding, a local businessman won but ever politely concurred with his offer of \$63,000. "We are very disappointed that we did not manage to buy it on behalf of the village," said Joan Jenkins, the parish council clerk. "Any green in the hands of a private individual is a pity."

Forman said that he did not plan to alter his career or lifestyle because of his purchase. "To buy a concept is the ultimate purchase," he said. But he added that he will get his new title on his passport and joked that he might request that his "subjects" address him as "My Lord." For his part, Barones-Dunston said that his future title purchases will be based on how their names roll off the tongue. "I go for the musical name," he explained. And would-be lords of the manor have not had to worry about a shortage of titles. The Queen and the Church of England are unlikely to sell the roughly 7,000 of them that they own, but another several thousand will now under the auctioneer's hammer. The next sale, on Nov. 28, has already been announced.

—PHILIP FRIEDLOW in London

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Q&A: ROBERT REICH

The economics of change

Through his books and articles, Robert Reich, professor of business and public policy at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, has become one of the rising stars of the U.S. economic scene. His progress, calling for greater co-operation between government and business to improve the domestic U.S. economy and the United States' world trading status, was embraced by former Democratic presidential candidate Gary Hart. Other Democratic hopefuls, including Gov. Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts, have also been seeking advice from Reich, a policy planning director at the Federal Trade Commission during the Jimmy Carter administration. Maclean's Washington Bureau Correspondent Ian Austin recently spoke with Reich at his Cambridge, Mass., office.

Maclean's: Did Canada get short-changed in the recent free trade agreement between Canada and the United States, in which it did not receive exemptions from U.S. trade restrictions?

Reich: Without guarantees that the United States will not regularly invade anti-shipping levels or renege on existing duties, the free trade agreement is not worth terribly much to Canada. A mere reduction in average tariff levels across the board does not provide adequate inducement or compensation for all of the things Canada has permitted as a result of the agreement. But it was probably a good idea to try for free trade. In principle, Canada and the United States would both benefit from a genuine free trade agreement. But what was actually achieved was so far short of what was sought that Canada in just about half a year was actually—after having given away a lot of particular prerogatives in the United States.

Maclean's: If the agreement is rejected, how should Canada change its policies?

Reich: Canada has a very strong interest in shifting out of commodity-based production—raw materials like lumber or wheat—or simply commodity mass production, which is identical long runs of identical products. There are essentially dead ends for an advanced industrial economy. You are not supplying the rest of the world with goods, materials or services that anyone is willing to pay a very high price for. It is necessary for Canada to shift as rapidly as possible into production that creates unique, non-replicable innovations, where the products produced are tailored to end uses. There has to be far more emphasis on design engineering, production engineering, sales and marketing people

have to be in the business of helping customers define what it is they actually want, and redesigning products to meet those needs. It is important for every industrialized country to move in this direction. For Canada, it is doubly important because Canada cannot rely on a huge domestic market to take high-tech

'Although there is a crisis atmosphere, it is far from clear whether it will result in anything terribly constructive'

new standardized commodities.

Maclean's: Could Canada make such sweeping changes within the planned 10-year phase-in period for free trade?

Reich: It is feasible, but it takes a great deal of co-operation between private and public sectors. The government has to play a role with funding everything from research and development

to aid for small and medium-sized businesses for adopting new technologies and retraining workers. In the United States it is much more difficult to legitimate that function than it is in Canada. Canada has fewer of the ideological functions that the United States has toward government intervention in the economy.

Maclean's: But if the Canadian government is to expand its role, won't there be considerable U.S. accusations of unfair subsidization?

Reich: That is precisely why I feel Canada got so little out of the free trade agreement. The tension point between the United States and Canada is—and will become even more so in the future—government subsidies. But right now over 85 per cent of all U.S. private sector research and development is funded by the government. A very significant portion of the economic development bill is paid by the U.S. government. And yet the United States continues to insist that foreign governments desist from subsidizing their industries. It is vitally important that Canada and other trading partners push the United States into multilateral negotiations about what kind of subsidies are going to be permissible, with full acknowledgment of the extent to which the United States already subsidizes its industry.

Maclean's: The recent stock market

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crash has focused attention on U.S. economic problems. What will it take before these problems are dealt with?

Reich: A crisis is the easiest way to focus public attention, and we may be in a crisis right now. But in my view, we have had a sort of depression going on in the United States since 1982. The recovery since 1982 was an erratic recovery. There have been large sections of the American economy that have never recovered. Beyond that, American indebtedness to the rest of the world has increased at a rapid clip—the being stranded we have managed to maintain is borrowed from the rest of the globe.



Reich: Reagan brought to the United States a kind of elitist economic.

Even as it is, there is evidence that the American living standard is declining. The average American family now has two wage-earners to keep it up and give it the same living standard as one wage-earner would do 50 years ago. The average American family is shrinking in size—again, a symptom of a declining living standard, because people simply cannot afford larger families. When you combine that with a living standard that is based on foreign borrowing, it is no wonder that there are worries about the future. We continue to consume far more than we should and invest far less than we should. But while there is a crisis atmosphere, it is far from clear whether it is going to result in anything terribly constructive.

Maclean's: How much of this is the legacy of Ronald Reagan?
Reich: Ronald Reagan made things worse, although the trends were there before. Reagan brought to the American republic a kind of elitist economic, if you simply say word over again, like a mantra. "Everything is fine, everything is fine," then his assumption was that everything would become fine. So in 1981 we had a tax cut, supposedly to create massive new investment by the

private sector. It did no such thing. We had an enormous military buildup which did stimulate high technology in this country—no question about it. But if you want to spur high technology—instead of getting a nickel in spend for every dollar of expenditure—there are many more efficient ways of doing that.
Maclean's: But aren't many Democrats who are now searching for the middle ground of American politics straying Reagan's policies?
Reich: They are making a disastrous mistake. To try to cut Reagan, Reagan, to base a Democratic campaign on simply the same sorts of ideas that Ronald



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Liquor bottles near the sunken *Regina*, artifacts and the promise of gold

DATELINE: PORT SANILAC, MICH.

Riches from the lake bed

Most days, the calm, blue waters of Lake Huron shimmer in the sun. But almost at a moment's notice, storms can turn the lake into a watery grave. Veterans recall one such storm simply as the "Great Storm" on the night of Nov. 9, 1913, the Canadian freighter *Regina* and at least a dozen other ships went down, and 275 sailors lost their lives. For 73 years the final resting place of the 268-foot *Regina* remained a mystery. But in 1986 its accidental discovery five miles off Port Sanilac, Mich., 130 km northeast of Detroit, by Wayne Branstetter, a commercial diver, created a wave of excitement among underwater experts. Now, a continuing salvage operation has recovered thousands of valuable artifacts. And the possibility exists for more riches to come—among them, a safe allegedly containing \$10 million in gold coins.

The joint salvage operation—conducted under permit from Michigan state authorities by Branstetter, with Marine-based underwater expert Lee Spence and Freedom Marine Ltd., a Vancouver salvage and investment company—began this fall and will conclude next year. Already, divers have raised thousands of artifacts—potentially worth millions of dollars—which will be divided between the state and the salvagers. At the same time, the *Regina's* discovery has attracted many sport divers to Port Sanilac—where some of the recovered items were displayed at the end of September—and has brought tourist dollars to the town of 700 at the southern end of Lake Huron. As well, the discovery of

the *Regina* has cast new light on the tragedy that occurred 74 years ago.

The first clues emerged on July 3, 1986, when Branstetter, 35, and two companions were operating sonar equipment in hope of finding a sunken tugboat. When the monitor showed something extremely large approximately 60 feet below, Branstetter, the only person on board with diving gear, went down—and discovered the freighter. Branstetter remembers resurfacing with a bottle of champagne from the ship and talking with his companions. "If you wanted to find a wreck, which one would it be?" Their answer: "The *Regina*."

After his discovery, Branstetter approached Spence for help—and the shipwreck expert responded eagerly. "When I was 14 or 15 years old I had come across the story of the *Regina*," Spence told *Michigan's*. "I was fascinated by it—I never thought I would get the chance to look for it." Spence, who was responsible for the 1983 discovery of the coast of South Carolina of the *Georgia*, the Confederate states' most powerful cruiser in the U.S. Civil War, in turn related the sad end of President Monroe. The company, one of a few in the world that specializes in treasure salvage operations, agreed to participate in the project, supplying money, a crew and equipment.

This fall a month-long diving operation, using up to 30 divers at a time, recovered thousands of valuable and well-preserved artifacts. Among them were turn-of-the-century bottles of Martell's champagne—which sug-

gared several hundred dollars each on open auction—and Scotch whisky. Basil Spence: "If this shipwreck was in salt water, the artifacts would have been seared in barnacles. We were lucky." And the relatively shallow depth helped save the liquor cargo. "If we had been any deeper, the corks might have been pushed all the way inside because of the greater water pressure," Spence added.

Meanwhile, the *Regina* has become a popular attraction. During the summer locally chartered boats took as many as 50 sport divers a day to the site. The state of Michigan has designated the area as an underwater preserve in an effort to help prevent looting—although some pirating has already taken place. Still, the influx of visitors has meant added revenue for Port Sanilac, which relies on the seasonal tourist trade. Said Shirley Denison, the owner of Port Sanilac's Raymond House Inn: "I have had several divers stay here, and there seems to be a lot of interest."

The discovery of the *Regina* may also have solved an old mystery. After the 1923 storm, bodies from the *Regina* and another ship, the *Price*, washed up on Lake Huron's Canadian shore. Because at least one of the *Price's* crew members had been wearing a *Regina* life jacket, many people thought that the two ships collided. But the site of the *Regina*, 25 miles away from where the *Price* was found floating upside down the day after the storm—and the fact that the ship shows no signs of collision damage—has led President Monroe vice-president Hyman Humphreys to say that the truth may have been even more tragic. After the ships suffered separate accidents and the crews took to their lifeboats, *Regina* crewmen may have seen across waters from the *Price*—and supplied them with life jackets. Thus, after the lifeboats capsized, the winds could have tossed the bodies to drift to the Canadian shore.

Meanwhile, Branstetter has been required to document and photograph all artifacts on a weekly basis. And the state of Michigan has retained the right to have first pick of any items. For the salvagers, the payoff will come when they auction off the remaining items. Indeed, they planned to conduct the first sale of artifacts this week. And until the operation concludes next fall, the divers will continue to return to the ship—perhaps to recover the safe full of gold coins that old newspaper accounts say was aboard. Asked if he thinks he will become rich, Branstetter responded, "If we can recover a lot of coins, we will make out okay." But ultimately, still haunted by his view as he recalled the day of his discovery: "I just had the feeling," he said, "that the wreck wanted to be found."

—CLAIRE FRASER in Port Sanilac

"Couldn't make Jamaica this year, so we bought Gold instead."



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Sex and the psychopath factor

By Fred Beaulieu

Marital fidelity is as trendy as Capin cooking these days and AIDS is only part of the reason. Now in addition to deadly diseases, would-be philanderers have to consider the psychopath factor—that is, will their partners turn out to be night-stalking, crack-codling, rabbit-stealing, child-molesting, knife-wielding crazies who, if they can't make love, make mayhem out of it?

This has to do, of course, with the blockbuster film *Fatal Attraction*, perhaps the most effective deterrent to illicit sex since stoning. As a society, we deserve a film of this sort. Like runaway stock market prices, the sexual boom-boom days had to end sooner or later. For at least 50 years, the population has been sleeping around at a stupendous rate. Eventually, it seemed, was jumping into bed with everyone else and acting pretty mean about the whole thing, too. Yes, couldn't go to a party for fear of spotting an old friend with a woman whose name did not appear on his marriage license—usually someone with red lips, eye shadow and a rose tattoo on her ankle. In the period, moral chains expanded enormously and it wasn't by offering family vacation packages.

Then along came Alex. Alex Forrest is the character played by Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*—the woman who, this autumn, is invading America's dreams. Screen fans who remember Close as the angry beauty in *The Verdict*, or the malice 1980s brawler in *The Big Chill*, had better come to the theatre with a few vials of smelling salts. In that flick, Close is a shinky book editor with the sexual metabolism of Lady Chatterley. She seduces Dan, an insufferable yuppie lawyer played by Michael Douglas, who spends the weekend with Alex when his wife, Beth, portrayed by Anne Archer, goes to the country.

Only in a greedy, greedy, world would a man whose wife looks so admirable in black underwear behave this poorly, but that, let's admit, is just a little weird.

For Alex Forrest, good sex is something akin to a kick-boxing match. There is an encounter as her lecherous ark that makes a compelling argument for never letting the dishes get up and another as an elevator that makes one so regret all those nudes spent idly pondering the absence of the

19th floor. Alex is as clever as she is incoherent and campy old Michael Douglas imitates not a moment. Meanwhile, sweet Anne Archer in house-baiting in the suburbs with the couple's lovable daughter, Ellen. Where's the justice?

On his way. After Dan escapes himself from Alex's life, she assaults him with a punishing series of body punches and then makes a melodramatic attempt at suicide. Dan adamantly first aid, gets Alex settled down and receives some more. But Alex Forrest—we are now getting the idea—is an extremely tedious individual. One does not spend the weekend in passionate combat with this woman and simply feel a cash apoplexy. One pays for the experience—and how.

Followers note the grisly part, where Alex, declaring herself pregnant, begins a loony-loony campaign to make Dan accept what she describes as his

As a society, we deserve a film like *Fatal Attraction*—perhaps the most effective deterrent to illicit sex since stoning

"responsibilities." The viewer is never quite certain what Alex has in mind, but it is clear that she is not in the mood for extended negotiations.

First comes a strained visit to his office, then a series of more phone calls. Turned away, she wanders his car, reads an abusive tape recording, freewheels Ellen's pet rabbit and steals the child for an afternoon. Alex is reduced to a kind of pattering incoherence by the morning when, just as the audience might have expected, she sneaks into Dan and Beth's pretty suburban home for a showdown, the resolution of which comes crash to that grand old French thriller *Les Destinées*—a sequence that does for the bathtub what Alex did for the Atlantic Ocean.

It may be a mock of some national mental disorder that this film—fast, well-made but ultimately empty-headed—has prompted such spirited response. There are the political details—the movie's nerve as society's outer women? Is Alex the archetype of a modern woman driven mad by conflicting priorities? And the more

personal questions—who got the worst of the deal? Some say that Dan deserved the grief, the cupid's bow cad, and that Alex just needed a good therapist. Others contend that she co-opted Dan's and that, even in the 1980s, adolescent women made it stay clear of married men. And there are some newspapers who couldn't care less about underlying psychological themes. For them, *Fatal Attraction* is just a terrifying movie—also terrifying, perhaps. "I haven't slept right since I've seen it," said a young woman in the Midwest.

The most unsettling reactions, though, are from women who say that they, too, have had the urge to commit a bit of mayhem after affairs ended painfully. A *Washington Post* reporter wrote a story about the phenomenon and quoted a bartender saying that he had overheard females confiding, "God, I've felt like doing that." It is here that the real terror arrives. This is the core notion—that of rage and revenge—that may keep all these fellows with the unworldly brightness leading straight to the monster trunk instead of calling ahead and telling their wives to hold horses. The prospect of pairing off with *Jackie Roper* is bound to quell any man's ardor.

But murder is not the real worry. Everyone knows that there aren't many Alex Forrests out there—if there were, crime control would be a job for the National Guard. What does seem the case, however, is that too many people feel used, tricked, led to a dead end, and are now plotting out for Number One. Somewhere along the line, they say, there should be an accounting. Send a single woman in New York. "Men who step out on their wives deserve to be kicked in the butt." Wintered in the marriage when just invitations may have pointed to an unhappy future of modern life. "There is a great underflow of fear and distrust—between men and women in our society," said Herb Goldberg, a psychologist and author of *Men Made Women*. "Women are brought up to distrust men because men might leave them, and men are raised to distrust women's power over them." If he is even partially correct, it will take more than an evening at the movies to make things better. In the meantime, women—and women who have been advised to take the early train home.

Fatal Attraction is written with Wendie in New York.



THE PQ IN TURMOIL

The plot had been busy for months. Now came the captured Parti Québécois leadership in September, 1986, Pierre Marie Johnson had been under attack, both from dissidents within the PQ and from former members who resented his push to restore independence from the party platform. And in the emotional days following the Nov. 1 death of PQ founder René Lévesque, disgruntled independents intensified their campaign against Johnson. But even his most loyal supporters were stunned last week when Johnson suddenly and drastically announced that he had no stomach for the internal fight. Ending in Quebec's national assembly to announce his resignation as party leader, Johnson declared, "I do not want to provide over the weakening of Quebec's nationalist forces."

Johnson's emotional and bitter departure from politics ended a unifying political career—at least for the foreseeable future. And it left the already floundering PQ in chaos. The party must now find another executive leadership race at a time when its membership is dropping and it is \$300,000 in debt. Most importantly, his resignation set the stage for supporters of outright independence to replace leadership of the party after years of taking a back seat to those—including Lévesque and Johnson—who advocated a more gradual policy of promoting Quebec's status. They favored candidates to succeed Johnson: Jacques Parizeau, the brilliant and astute entrepreneur who served for eight years as PQ finance minister (see box).

Still, Johnson's departure could not have come at a worse time for Parizeau. A dedicated independentist, Parizeau has been the embodiment of the anti-Johnson forces, who regard the former minister as the best choice to revive the party's moribund fortunes. But the 57-year-old Parizeau must now decide whether to run for the leadership of a party now supported by fewer than six in four Quebec voters. (Although he would meet reporters last week while seeking the advice of trusted political observers, Parizeau admitted in an interview with *Maclean's* that he feared being relegat-



Johnson with wife, Marie-Louise: emotional departure

ed to several years in opposition. "That is the question I am asking myself," he said. "It will certainly affect my decision."

Similarly, Johnson agonized over his choice to resign the leadership he fought so hard to win just two years ago. Only 43 years old, Johnson is both a lawyer and a medical doctor by education—but a political activist by instinct. "Pierre Marie is a totally natural political being," said André St-Onge, a longtime friend and adviser. "The situation had to be intolerable for him to quit."

Johnson's decision was even more surprising because he still commanded the overwhelming support of the PQ's 50,000 members. In fact, at a party convention last June, Johnson's controversial concept of national affirmation—whereby Quebec would slowly

try to increase its power, rather than seek outright independence—was the endorsement of 80 per cent of delegates. Said Gilles Rousseau, president of the PQ association in Falmouth, near the party platform, "Johnson could certainly have staged leader of the party. He could have stopped the secessionist and expelled the dissidents."

But Johnson's uninspired performance as a critic of Liberal Premier Robert Bourassa's government caused him to lose the momentum he had gained at the convention. His attack on the Meech Lake constitutional accord found few sympathizers in Quebec, where the deal is widely seen as a political victory for the province. And Bourassa's mastery over Johnson is a welcome debate in the legislature after left the PQ leader nothing in his seat.

The poor performance was reflected in the polls. Two years after he was elected, Bourassa's personal approval rating among voters still hovers at 60 per cent. Meanwhile, support for the PQ slipped to just 22 per cent in a survey last month by *Montreal's* *Courier de l'Est*. Rousseau, an *Opinion Publique*—just one point ahead of the rising star Jean-Louis St-Onge, president of the PQ's youth wing association in *Montreal's* South Shore. "Even our more moderate members were demoralized by the polls."

The lethargy was contagious. Over the past year Johnson had often warned about the rights of the party's only 100. Not only was his wife, Marie-Louise, unhappy with political life but Johnson himself resented not being able to spend more time with his 11-year-old son, Marc-Guy, and

eight-year-old daughter, Marie-Clotilde.

Still, the crisis that provoked his departure was swift and unpredictable. On Oct. 26, while Johnson was in Paris, 70 members of the legislature (Général Godin publicly attacked him, condemning that he was leading the party to ruin. Just three days later Lévesque, the PQ's spiritual father, died after a massive heart attack in his Montreal apartment.

Lévesque's death sparked an emotional outpouring that quickly provoked controversy between Johnson's cold, aloof public personality and nostalgic memories of Lévesque's folksy style. And Lévesque's death gave Johnson's enemies more ammunition. Johnson's failure to return from Paris in time to give his former leader a eulogy in the national assembly was portrayed by his critics as disapproval toward Lévesque. For Lévesque's laymen, the slight recalled the key role of Johnson supporters in the 1985 backroom campaign that forced Lévesque's resignation as PQ leader and premier.

During the week of mourning for Lévesque, Johnson met with caucus supporters to branch the possibility of resigning. Then, on Nov. 6, the day after Lévesque's state funeral, Johnson told Claude Fournier, a candidate in the PQ caucus, of his decision to resign. Still, his resolve wavered over the next three days. Said Nor-

many, "Few people will ever believe that he wasn't forced out. But that was simply a case of a guy who had had enough." By Monday, facing opposition from at least 10 of his 22 caucus members, Johnson drafted the 10-page resignation speech that he delivered the following day. At that speech, he said that if he remained as party leader, "I see nothing ahead but divisions."



Parizeau: unimpaired supporter of tradition

and would insist on no reason." Many friends said that they believe Lévesque's death had a shattering effect on Johnson—whose father, Daniel, died of a heart attack in 1969 at the age of 50 (Pierre Marie was 32) while serving as Quebec's premier. Said one friend, "Young Lévesque may have reminded him of what happened to his father and convinced him to get out." But others said that Johnson's resignation might be a strategic retreat designed to escape a disastrous political situation in anticipation of a more realistic chance to regain the party leadership a few years down the road. Said Jean-Guy Fournier, a PQ member of the legislature recruited to the party by Johnson for the 1985 election, "The old gang may have won a victory in the short term, but Pierre Marie will win in the end."

Certainly, Johnson's resignation turned up the political heat on Parizeau. Since taking up his membership card in January, 1985, Parizeau has remained a critic of both Bourassa and Johnson from the sanctum of his professorship at the University of Montreal. But Parizeau's unimpaired support of tradition and his ability to challenge Bourassa's economic policies made him the clear leadership choice of dissident *Québécois*. In the past month a group of up to 12 former PQ cabinet members met, usually at the instigation of someone outside the party, to discuss the party's leadership crisis. Among those former ministers: Bernard Landry, Denis Lacombe and Pierre Marcoux. As well, Parizeau discussed Johnson's

An appetite for power

He has a reputation as a man of ideas. But friends also readily acknowledge that he craves power. As one of the dynamic young architects of Quebec's Quiet Revolution in the 1960s and later as finance minister in the Parti Québécois government from 1976 to 1984, Jacques Parizeau grew accustomed to being at the centre of the province's political life. Now, a group of his oldest colleagues is trying to persuade Parizeau to seek the PQ leadership ahead of Pierre Marie Johnson.

How much persuading he will need is not clear. With Robert Bourassa's popular Liberal government having a stringed-out in power, some longtime Parizeau friends

doubt that he will run. Said Roland Parizeau, a professor at the Ecole nationale d'administration publique in Montreal who has worked with Parizeau since the 1960s. "He is a man who likes to be at the centre of power. He would be frustrated in opposition." Indeed, Parizeau has spent most of his adult life as a powerful voice on the political stage, not as a critic. One of his greatest successes came in 1978 when, as the PQ's finance minister, he introduced the Quebec Stock Savings Plan. The plan—which allows taxpayers to deduct from their provincial income tax part of the cost of buying shares of Quebec companies—has spurred the province's recent business renaissance.

Still, associates are quick to note that Parizeau is unhappy in his teaching job at the Ecole des hautes études commerciales, a business school affiliated with the University

of Montreal. In recent months he has heightened his public profile by attacking Bourassa's economic policies and by endorsing free trade in legislative hearings in September.

It is uncertain whether Parizeau's banker-like demeanor and lofty intellectual wit would be popular with voters. A poll by *Sonoma* Inc. of Montreal conducted in September showed that only 16 per cent of respondents said that he would make the best premier. And because he is a "clear, open independentist," as he describes his political convictions, Parizeau would likely campaign during the next provincial election under the banner of political sovereignty for Quebec, an idea that most *Québécois* now reject. But Johnson's seclusive resignation means that the timing of Parizeau's political return can no longer be entirely of his own choosing.

—BRIAN WALLACE in Montreal

leadership with Lévesque in the weeks before he died, when, according to several associates, Lévesque reaffirmed his enthusiasm for politics.

Many hard-line nationalists have already pledged their support to Parizeau and have promised to return to the PQ if he wins the leadership. Rod Larose, "I do not know how Mr. Parizeau, who has a sense of history and of his responsibilities, can say no." The pressure on Parizeau to run was immense. "Obviously I must decide soon, perhaps within 15 days," he told Maclean's on Nov. 11. "I cannot delay my decision for months." The PQ executive is expected to set a date for the leadership race in early December; unlike other Canadian parties, the PQ gives all its members, not just delegates to a convention, a vote in the selection.

Should Parizeau run, it is already apparent that he would have few—if any—challengers. Landry has said that he would not run against Parizeau. And Jean Gauthier, the popular former agriculture minister, is unlikely to challenge Parizeau unless there is a ground swell of support for him. Other possible candidates include Pauline Marois, who ran a distant race to Johnson in 1985, and François Gendron, who was appointed PQ house leader last week.

Still, the independence platform will be an electoral malaise for Parizeau. Support for separatism is on the wane, but Parizeau seems unrepentant. Rod Parizeau, the younger son of an uncle so often buried that it is still discussed by so many people so vehemently.

Still, any hardening of the PQ's position on independence may work to the benefit of Quebec's "Modérés." Although most observers say that the impressive support for the provincial NDP—founded only in September, 1986—is a ripple effect caused by the waning popularity of the federal NDP, PQ strategists are warmer about the phenomenon. Said Vincent Larose, a political scientist at Laval University in Quebec City: "Depending on how the federal NDP performs in the next election, the provincial NDP could form the official opposition in Quebec."

As a result, PQ members acknowledged that they must move quickly to solve their internal problems. Still, they face that task after a period of unprecedented turmoil. Within 10 days the PQ had been crisscrossed—moving the death of its founder and without the steady withdrawal of the only other leader it has known. Regardless, the damage seemed likely to be as difficult as the party's very creation.

—KIRCE WALLACE in Montreal



Romanow saying that the NDP must concentrate more on the 'creation of wealth'

Changing of the guard

As a young boy in Saskatoon during the 1940s, Roy Romanow remembers how the average glow from the dial of his family's floor-model radio poured their darkness living room as he and his father listened to debates from the Saskatchewan legislature. Like many others, he was captivated by the stinging oratory of T.G. (Timmy) Douglas, the province's premier and leader of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, forerunner of the NDP. Now, almost 46 years later, Romanow is striving to re-light the commitment of the Douglas years among Saskatchewan New Democrats, who by contrast close him as their leader in Nov. 7.

Taking over from retiring former premier Allan Blakeney, who had led the NDP since 1970, Romanow brings telegraphic good looks, a splash of style and a dose of populism to a party accustomed to a more reserved leader. At the same time, he comes with a ready-made national profile, built during his 13 years as deputy premier and attorney general in the Blakeney government of 1971 to 1982, when Saskatchewan played a pivotal role in battles with Ottawa over the Constitution and natural resources. Said former Liberal cabinet minister Jean Chrétien, who worked closely with Romanow during the 1981 federal-provincial negotiations that led to patriation of the Constitution: "He has intelligence and a great deal of experience. Together it is a formidable combination."

At home, the Tory government of Premier Grant Devine will attempt to saddle Romanow with the political baggage of the Blakeney era and attempt to lure him to past perfumes such as the nationalization of potash and government ownership of farmland. Romanow, 46, says that he plans to contribute more than just style to the NDP. Defeated in his Saskatchewan riding in 1982, when the Blakeney government was swept from power by United Development Conservatives, Romanow taught law at the University of Saskatchewan and then returned to private law practice, a period that he says helped "mature" his views on government. It was also a period of adjustment for Romanow, who came to grips with his political setback by helping to write a 1984 book on the Constitution, Canada...*Notwithstanding* Bob Doonan and Chung. Romanow's law partner and longtime friend. "If there's one thing about Ray, it's that the idea of losing is not something that he finds terribly pleasant."

Romanow averaged his 1982 loss by winning a seat in the October, 1986, provincial election—and quickly became the unchallenged front-runner for the leadership when Blakeney announced that he would step down. During five weeks of travels across the province before the leadership convention, Romanow urged the party to get out of its "comfortable pen." He told New Democrats that the policies of the Blakeney era would be

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Counting the cost of protectionism

The price of protectionism is written on each bottle of wine sold by the Liquor Control Board of Ontario (LCBO). The board pays suppliers \$1.66 for an average litre of imported wine; it pays \$4.22 for Ontario wine. Then the LCBO, whose policies are similar to those of other provincial liquor boards, adds on its price mark-ups. For imported wine, the tariff ranges up to 86 per cent. The marking for domestic brands just one per cent. Besides, Ontario and Canadian beers are subject to a similar disparity. The result ensures that Canadian beers and wines are cheaper—and that the domestic industry is thriving. So when the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) maintained in Geneva last week that those provincial policies violate international trade agreements, Canada's beer and wine industries were thrown into turmoil. Brian Stash, chairman of the Ontario Grape Growers' Marketing Board, noted that last month's Canada-U.S. free trade agreement would also phase out higher mark-ups on U.S. wine. Brad Neih "It's a double whammy."

The decision by the GATT panel was a preliminary ruling on a complaint filed by the European Community (EC) in 1985. The federal government now has less than two weeks—until Nov. 25—to decide whether to enter a private deal with the EC and then persuade the provinces to bring their regulations into line with that agreement. If Ottawa decides to avoid negotiations with the EC or if the negotiations do not succeed, the preliminary decision on wine and beer will go to the GATT council, composed of representatives from the 96 member countries. A decision by the council to accept the preliminary ruling would give the EC the green light to retaliate.

If, on the other hand, Canada accepts the GATT council's decision, the restrictions could be severe. The Canadian wine industry would likely face stiff competition from cheap French and Italian imports. As well, because a GATT council ruling would apply to all member countries, including the

United States, Canada's brewing industry could face severe competition from U.S. beer. The GATT decision could undermine a key clause in the Canada-U.S. free trade agreement, which specifically exempts "beer or malt-containing beverages" from provisions to

raise and liquor products and to phase out price controls. In answer, Canada could then demand that the EC drop its objections to protectionist beer regulations.

Meanwhile, beer and wine executives sound concerned. Officials of the provin-



Labatt Brewery in Toronto, the beer and wine industries could face crippling competition.

vincial trade barriers. The GATT ruling, said Gordon Wilson, president of the Ontario Federation of Labour, erased "the one victory that the government can claim" in its trade talks with Washington.

The GATT decision strikes at a complex network of provincial regulations. The provinces have the power to control liquor before the turn of the century—and provincial liquor boards now restrict the number of foreign brands sold in Canada and slap numerous price mark-ups on them. Interprovincial trade barriers, from breweries to producers, have the province in which it is sold, and provincial regulations require that Canadian wineries use a specified quantity of Canadian-grown grapes.

The preliminary ruling threatened that regulatory thicket because it demanded that Canada treat foreign beer, wine and liquor in the same way that it treats the domestic versions. Alarmed, provincial trade officials urged Ottawa to conduct private negotiations with the EC. Leaders speculated that Ottawa could offer to accept most European

al \$7-billion brewing industry cited one study which predicted that U.S. beer could grab up to 80 per cent of the Canadian market—and eliminate \$900 industry jobs—if it were given free access to Canada. And spokesmen for the \$250-million wine industry pointed out that in 1984, the last year for which figures are available, the EC gave its wine producers a subsidy of \$87 billion. Said Edward Arnold, chairman of the Canadian Wine Institute, "If we have to compete with the French government, we've lost."

But there will be one important beneficiary of the GATT ruling: the Canadian consumer. As Robert Kerion, chairman of the economic issues committee of the Consumers' Association of Canada, said: "There are likely to be cheaper foreign wines. There is certain to be more choice in beer, although not necessarily the larger beer." There were prospects that many consumers would find reason to toast.

—MARC JARDIN with DEBBIE ALEXANDER in Toronto

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On refinery near Edmonton, officials argued that Ottawa conceals its loss

A revolt over energy

Cheerleaders over the historic Canadian-U.S. free trade pact continued unabated last week—but with an important new twist. Increasingly, the conflict took place behind closed doors, with officials of the two countries analyzing the arduous task of translating last month's agreement to principle into a precise legal text. But as lobby groups in both countries pressed for changes to the agreement, there was another challenge from an unexpected quarter: Montreal's has learned that senior energy department officials in Ottawa argued vehemently that the government had conceded too much to the Americans.

The dispute over energy began soon after the initial deal was signed on Oct. 4 in Washington. A group of reform bureaucrats—including the powerful deputy minister, Arthur Knaeger—grew so concerned about certain provisions of the trade deal that they openly questioned the agreement and came into serious conflict with Energy Minister Harold Masni. They

were also angry, sources said, at the minor role that the trade negotiating team gave to energy department experts. A highly placed Conservative government adviser said that members of that group—who have travelled frequently to Washington to advise Canadian lawyers working on the legal text—pressed hard to reopen key parts of the energy section and caused potentially damaging delays by squabbling with departmental colleagues. Said the adviser: "It's obvious they would like to tell the whole damn thing, but that's not going to happen. We've signed a deal and what you see is what you get."

The officials, sources said, are veterans of the 1980 National Energy Program, which gave the federal government a strong hand in managing Canadian resources and sought to ensure that control of the country's energy supply did not rest in foreign hands. A senior department official who opposes the free trade deal told Monahan last week that its energy

provisions were "negotiated in a great rush at the end, and the package is far more binding than any existing agreement." But he denied that there was any attempt to sabotage the last-drafting process or scuttles the accord.

Critics in the department were most concerned about the deal's so-called "proportional access" clause, which states that if Canada decides to restrict energy exports to the United States in the event of an energy shortage, it must provide American customers "proportional access to the diminished supply." That would mean that if the Americans were receiving one out of five barrels of oil produced in Canada, they would continue to get one out of five even if Canada's output dropped by half. In that event, say some industry analysts, Canada might have to provide Americans with scarce energy at the expense of Canadian needs. Other experts insist that the clause is not a threat to Canada's long-term supply of energy for domestic use. Indeed, industry and departmental officials said last week that despite the battle among Canadian civil servants, the legal text of the energy clauses of the agreement was all but complete.

But other obstacles remained on the American side as the legal teams raced to complete the draft, expected by early December. The U.S. auto parts industry lobbied for changes to help resolve that controversy, which rely on manufacturers in North America for at least 60 per cent of their parts. And the American maritime industry wanted shipping to be excluded from the pact. Said one American trade official: "No question—there are clankers here waiting to be solved."

In Canada, meanwhile, sharp differences of opinion surrounded over the effects of free trade on Canada's economy. An Ontario government study published last week said that about 400,000 manufacturing jobs in the province could be affected by the deal. Other analysts insistently dismissed the study as misleading because it did not address the potential benefits to Ontario industry of gaining access to the vast U.S. market. Another study being prepared for the Alberta government said that the province stands to gain 40,000 new jobs. In fact, the blizzard of Canadian claims and counterclaims about the trade deal has raised questions in the United States about whether Canada will approve the accord. That doubt will remain until officials hammer out a final draft of the agreement—and the true debate begins.

—MICHAEL BROWN with JULYAN MACDONALD
in Ottawa and DAN AUSTIN in Washington



Campaign launch in Russell; media strategists had plotted the scene at Elgin Street and Main with precision

WORLD

A VETERAN'S CAMPAIGN



Media strategists had plotted the scene with precision. Two weeks earlier they had descended on Russell, Kan. (population 5,500)—a wideopen prairie town 120 km west of Kansas City—to calculate the required camera angles. Facing the street-level main street, they hired a sign painter to cover one sidewalk brick wall with a giant mural of green and gold wheat fields. And at the intersection of Eighth Street and Main—against the backdrop of a grain elevator—they raised an outdoor stage. Then, on Nov. 5, as 10,000 cheering supporters and a phalanx of Washington reporters looked on, a hometown Rep., Republican Senator Robert Dole, formally launched his presidential campaign as the candidate of the American heartland.

For the Kansas senator, the return to his hometown Midwestern roots served as a symbolic challenge to the man he must beat for the Republican nomination: the party's front-runner, Vice-President George Bush, a member of a wealthy Eastern Establishment family. But

Dole's sentimental journey also provided a powerful setting for his campaign message, showcasing the plainness, practical values of the prairie. With his paralyzed right arm dangling at his side, Dole relived the poignant story of his own personal struggle against the shell wounds that shattered his dreams in an Italian fire fight in the last weeks of the Second World War.

Shipped home from Europe in a body cast at the age of 21, Dole found his body paralyzed. Formerly Russell's star athlete, he spent more than three years in hospital, helpless, unable to afford the operations he needed. Then, a druggist he had once worked for as a soda jerk placed a sign on the counter of his store for a collection. Standing in front of O'Donovan Drugs' neon sign last week, Dole recalled how "people got in their coats, their shoes and their quarters, and that \$1,000 helped stage my life." Had Dole lost? "My home is the core of everything I believe about America. We are a caring nation."

Indeed, despite the well-plotted staging of his campaign kickoff, Dole's tale provided an emotional counterpart to

the underutilized cry of his platform. While Bush and Rep. Jack Kemp of New York (Dole's No. 10) have promised voters economic prosperity—with no tax increases—Dole protested what Kemp once branded the "politics of pain." Dole called for a solution to the nation's economic woes through hard work, spending cuts and self-confidence—including some form of increased taxes. Tackling the \$34-billion U.S. budget deficit, the "single greatest threat to a prosperous and dynamic America," Dole issued a stark warning: "We will either sacrifice for our children," he said, "or we will continue to make our children sacrifice for us."

That no-nonsense message could prove a risky strategy. In both 1980 and 1984 voters soundly rejected President Jimmy Carter and Democratic nominee Walter Mondale for preaching the same grim economic gospel. But because of last month's stock market crash, Dole's side argued that the time has come for his tough-minded pragmatism. Said Dole: "The American people are ready for better medicine."

In fact, the small-town ends of dis-

glike and duty has guided most of Dole's 64 years. He was born in a modest red-brick bungalow on the wrong side of the railway tracks. His father, Doran—who ran Dole's Creamery—prided himself on hard work. With four children, there was no money to spare. And Dole's mother, Ruth, rose every morning at dawn to do chores before setting off to sell sewing machines from the family car. When the Depression hit, the family fed off fire-eaters on their hour by renting it and moving into the basement. Years later, as Russell's money starved, Dole had to agree welfare cheques to his grandparents, who had lost their farm. That hard-ground stillness has now to offer hope to

Apparition south of Belongs. And in a bid of mortal fire, Dole recalled, he "felt a sting in my shoulder." He added: "I must say my whole life most in front of me. I saw my dog, I saw my parents, I saw my family, I saw my home town. Then I didn't see my home for a long, long time." Indefinite and, indeed, death haunted Dole over the next 30 months. His sister, Norma Jean Steele, now a Wichita, Kan., real estate agent, recalls his stubborn independence: "We had to feed him, do everything for him," she said. "But sometimes we would ask if he needed something and he would say 'No.' And you could see it was just because he was so proud." Later, after a series of operations

that role, Dole spent most of last month's televised Republican debate in Houston reexamining his tongue. The result, many analysts faulted him for failing to show strong leadership.

Still, while winning his headlines, Dole's positive as a senator. Republican leader has kept him from campaigning in primary states where Bush has as much as a 50-point lead. Dole has promised to consider stepping down at the end of this year. But that would give him little more than a month to see voters in Iowa's Feb. 8 caucus—a Midwest contest he must win. In the South, where Dole's organization lags—and a 30-state March 8 primary will choose nearly 40 per cent of Republican delegates—his strategy rests on his victories. 50-year-old second wife, Elizabeth Hartford Dole.

The daughter of a wealthy North Carolina farmer and a graduate of Harvard Law School, she managed her career as a transportation secretary last month to stamp her native South for him. And her mix of magnolia charm and fiery intelligence may be paying off. Last week Dole tapped a North Carolina straw poll.

But aides also express concern about the changed message that Elizabeth Dole's governor career despite the fact that she is a born-again Christian, the prospect of a powerful presidential wife—who would redefine the role of First Lady—could frighten Southern conservatives. And some feminists have said that they could never vote for a man whose cabinet-officer wife had to give up her job to join him. Elizabeth Dole in her own defense: "The never-harmonized been set aside. It's a matter of changing focus for a while."

Dole's friends credit her with softening her husband's tough edges since they married 12 years ago. A measure of that influence was his ability last week to talk publicly about his personal anguish. For years Dole has refused to use his war history on the campaign trail. But now Dole understands that he may need that personal sympathy to insure his unyielding political vision. And, in a campaign will test whether he can defy his politicians' conventions and treat Christians for what he calls a common sense message—that Americans "just stop giving for today."

—MARC MCGRATH/AP Photo



Elizabeth and Robert Dole: born in a red-brick bungalow on the wrong side of the railway tracks.

"the left-out and the down-and-out."

Aides insist that Dole is not comfortable among the rich, including his neighbors in a controversial condominium in Bal Harbour, Fla. Indeed, that purchase—in his wife's name—has cast one of the few shadows on his image of home-spun integrity. A recent New York Times report said that Dole may have bought the apartment with the help of Duane Andrews, chairman of a vast agricultural corporation and a frequent beneficiary of Dole's farm legislation efforts.

As a family competitive high-school athlete, Dole trained his six-foot-three body on weights he made out of concrete blocks and lead pipe. But two years after he cut short his first presidential race at the University of Kansas, his disciplined frame lay in bloody tatters on an Italian mountainside. On April 14, 1945, his right arm set to take his 1945 in the

that put him back on his feet and restored limited use of his left hand, the same pills guided Dole's wretched disease. When he went back to university for a law degree, his first wife, Phyllis—a former occupational therapist he had met in hospital and from whom he was divorced in 1970—helped him take notes.

Dole's writing, officials prompted him to home a grudging secretary that has been a boon to his political career. He can recall the family history of voters he has not seen for 15 years. But his wounds left less favorable legacies. Critics blame his self-sufficiency for the initial chaos of his current presidential campaign. And his race win often betrays a bitter edge. In 1978, when he was then-president Gerald Ford's running mate, his charge that the Democrats had exiled all the nation's voters earned him the reputation of a hater. Most, indeed, compensating for



Ortega (center) of OAS meeting in Washington, attempting to win U.S. support

THE UNITED STATES

Debating the peace plan

The visit of Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega to the United States was bound to be a controversial event. On his last trip to Washington, in 1979, shortly after a leftist revolution overthrew Somoza, Ortega was the Sandinista leader received a warm welcome and offers of aid from then-president Jimmy Carter. But last week, amid the hottest winds of a new war in the nation's capital, Ortega got a cooler reception from the Reagan administration. With his country under siege by U.S.-backed contra rebels, and its economy devastated by a U.S. trade embargo, Ortega came to Washington to talk peace.

Traveling to the capital (principally to address the annual meeting of the Organization of American States east), Ortega had hoped for talks with high-ranking administration officials. But Reagan refused to meet him, and that forced Ortega to turn his attentions to other forums. In private talks with influential U.S. Speaker of the House James Wright and other congressmen, Ortega attempted to demonstrate that peace efforts in Central America were threatened by the United States, not Nicaragua. The Sandinista leader detailed the steps he had already taken to comply with a regional peace accord—signed on Aug. 7 by five Central American presidents—and in-

cluded a new proposal for a ceasefire. Said Larry Brum, director of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, a left-wing Washington think-tank: "This entire theatre is being played in front of the 49 in 50 members of Congress who are swing votes on contra aid. We are winning congressional government on this issue."

Ortega began his three-day visit on Wednesday, Nov. 11, with his speech to the east. There, he confronted a sharp attack on the United States with a renewed offer to negotiate directly with the Reagan administration to end Nicaragua's six-year war with contra rebels. Later, the Sandinista leader held private talks with Wright that apparently set the stage for a dramatic proposal on Friday at the Embassy of the Holy See—the Vatican's mission in Washington—Ortega, accompanied by the Texas Democrat, presented during Nicaraguan mediation Cardinal Miguel Obando y Bravo with an 11-point proposal. His most significant element is a month-long ceasefire beginning on Dec. 5 that would have the contra rebels surrender their weapons in return for a political amnesty program.

Ortega left his two-hour session with Obando stating that his proposal would greatly advance the Central American peace plan. But Wright was more cautious. Said the congressman: "Peace is not just at hand, but government continues in this de-

terior." That caution was well-advised. The White House said that Wright could undermine peace efforts with his "personal reservations." And, in Miami, where the cardinal briefed the rebels, contra leaders said that the proposal "infected" the real issues and began work on a counterproposal.

Ortega failed in his attempts to draw the Reagan administration into the peace talks. In a speech to OAS ministers on Monday, Nov. 8, Reagan said that he was prepared to open talks with Nicaragua—along with other Central American governments—provided that serious negotiations between the Sandinistas and the contra were well under way. However, both state department and White House officials throughout the week downplayed any suggestion that U.S. participation would come about in the near future—and they criticized Wright for his personal involvement. The Reagan administration argues that U.S. participation in peace talks would only reinforce Ortega's charges that the contra are little more than puppets controlled by Washington.

Many congressmen say that they have become disillusioned with the central lack of military and political success, despite nearly \$800 million in U.S. military and other aid. However, in the past they have been reluctant to reject the administration's funding requests for fear of being labelled soft on communism.

Now, according to Brum and other Latin American observers, Ortega is attempting to win congressional support by offering a continuing series of concessions tied to the peace plan. The next big test of that effort will come in January, when the White House is expected to seek another \$550 million in military aid for the contra. But unless Nicaragua's halting steps toward peace take a dramatic turn for the worse before then, the White House may be disappointed by the vote. Said Brum: "The administration is being seduced by the immediate peace process by the immediate events. The piece of ice they are standing on is melting by the minute as the peace process heats up."

—IAN MCKENNA in Washington



U.S. cruise missile factory: the Soviets want access, but 'there's no way'

Rocky road to the summit

When Ronald Reagan announced last month that he would meet Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev in early December to sign a treaty eliminating intermediate-range nuclear missiles, he dismissed the verification issue as still to be settled as technical details that would soon be cleared up. U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, who stood by his Soviet counterpart, Edward Shevardnadze, evidently agreed. If the treaty package was not completed in good time, Shultz joked, "Mr. Shevardnadze and I are going to get locked in the rear and very hard by our leaders." But late last week it seemed that technical details had grown into political obstacles. Said a White House source who insisted on anonymity: "There is at least a 50-per-cent chance that Shultz and Shevardnadze will meet again to sort these difficulties out." Added a Capitol Hill source: "If Shultz and Shevardnadze can't work it out, the summit is in trouble."

Experts say that the hot-missile differences over verification may be just tactical maneuvering on the eve of the Washington summit, scheduled for Dec. 7 to 9. And both Soviet and U.S. spokesmen expressed confidence that the differences would be settled. Still, doubts persisted—and they were accentuated by the firing of the party director, Konstantin Yuryevich, last Wednesday (page 25). His dismissal led some analysts to speculate that Gorbachev was on the defense against the hard-liners who oppose his domestic and foreign policy reforms. Said Robert Kap-

perman, a former chief scientist for the U.S. government Arms Control and Disarmament Agency: "Gorbachev clearly has opposition at home, but he also has a vision of where he is going. If he fails to sign this agreement, then there is a good possibility that his chairmanship will also have failed."

In accordance with Moscow's last week, diplomats, officials and arms control experts in Moscow and Washington confirmed the seriousness of the veri-



Verification (left), Karpenev problems to solve

fication problem. At issue, they said, was a U.S. demand for access to Soviet intercontinental ballistic missile factories, to ensure that the Soviets did not continue to manufacture more cruise missiles in secret. Washington officials expressed concern that factories making the long-range SS-20 missile could be converted to make the medium-range SS-300, which is of similar design—no-

though with only half the range—and which is due to be abolished under the treaty. For these parts, the Soviets were said to be pushing for access to U.S. cruise missile factories to verify compliance. But, said a Capitol Hill source, "there's no way we are going to allow that, because it would expose our stealth technology." Stealth is the code name for the experimental techniques developed by U.S. scientists to make aircraft and low-flying missiles such as the cruise invisible to enemy radar.

With the verification talks in trouble in Geneva, the chief U.S. and Soviet arms negotiators, Max Kampelman and Yuriy Karpenev, were due to meet this week in an attempt to break the impasse. Should they fail, said Washington sources, a Shultz-Shevardnadze meeting was likely. "Each side is playing a poker game," said James Rubin, assistant director at the Arms Control and Verification Agency. "Washington thinks that still, he added, "these are very difficult issues and they must be resolved."

Meanwhile, despite the problems at Geneva, Soviet and U.S. officials met in Washington to finalize arrangements for the Helsinki talks, which, apart from signing the treaty, the two leaders are due to discuss a 50-per-cent cut in long-range missiles.

While House officials involved in the summit preparations dismissed rumors that Gorbachev might extend his stay to visit other parts of the United States after his talks with Reagan, one reason was security concerns. Another, said the White House official, was that Kremlin hard-liners did not want to allow Reagan possible political benefits from a protracted tour by Gorbachev. If the Kremlin conservatives are powerful enough to have curtailed Gorbachev's visit, that could be reflected in the tone and outcome of the summit. For although most experts agree that the treaty probably will be signed, the leaders' further talk of negotiating long-range missile cuts—already fraught with difficulty—could prove even more arduous if Gorbachev is looking over his shoulder.

—JOHN BERNARD with WILLIAM LOWMYER in Washington and CATHERINE REDDICK in Moscow

FROM THE ACADEMY AWARD WINNING DIRECTOR OF 'GANDHI.'

YULE TIED

THE TALENTED
IN THE FRIENDSHIP
OF THE SOUTH AFRICA
AND AMERICA
THE WORLD

IN USAPICTURES MARLEIGH
KIMMUNE PENELOPE WILTON TERENCE MOORE
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"AND" ASKING FOR TROUBLE DONALD WOODS GEORGE HENRY JONG GONG GONG
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OPENS FRIDAY NOVEMBER 6TH AT SELECTED THEATRES

THE SOVIET UNION

Downfall of a folk hero

Born Nikolovich Yelstin was clearly immensely popular among Moscovites. During his 22 months as Moscow Communist party chief—a position similar to mayor—the 56-year-old Yelstin, a former factory manager from the Ural Mountain city of Sverdlovsk, assumed the status of folk hero. He rode buses and subways to make surprise visits to state shops and gave first-hand knowledge of everyday city life. The big, burly Yelstin said that he was determined to improve life in Moscow after taking over from the disgraced Viktor Grishin, whose administration had been rife with corruption. But last week he was suddenly dismissed and disgraced, leaving observers to puzzle over the wider implications of his fall.

It is a move that Kremlin-watchers found remarkable even in the atmosphere of rampant openness initiated by Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, the reasons for Yelstin's dismissal on Nov. 11 were thoroughly documented in the Soviet press. The official news agency *Tass* published the transcript of a party meeting whose membership fired the man whom Gorbachev himself had appointed. The agency quoted Gorbachev as having called Yelstin "politically immature" for criticising the slow pace of reform at an Oct. 21 meeting of the party's Central Committee. Yelstin, declared Gorbachev, had "put his personal ambitions before the interests of the party." But although the *Tass* report made Gorbachev appear to be Yelstin's personal assassin, many analysts speculated that in fact Gorbachev was on the defensive in his internal struggle against the Kremlin old guard.

It was apparently Yelstin's impetuosity for change that was his undoing. Although an enthusiastic Gorbachev supporter, he blurted out during the Central Committee meeting that the leader's policy of perestroika (restructuring) "was giving nothing to the people." Most Kremlin-watchers say that Yelstin's real target was not Gorbachev but the old guard, whose members have been slowing the pace of reform. But having broken the taboo against attacking senior party members, Yelstin was doomed. And, as one senior Western diplomat said in Moscow last week, "If Yelstin had to go, it had to be seen as Gorbachev's decision



Yelstin (left) denouncing a Moscow bus driver; Gorbachev.

and not one that was forced on him."

That reading of the situation would explain the harshness of Gorbachev's denunciation of his former ally. And Yelstin issued an apparently abject apology for his failures. He told the

Moscow party meeting that he had fired him. "One of my most characteristic personal traits, ambition, has manifested itself badly. I tried to check it but, regrettably, without success."

Yelstin's fall from grace inevitably must freshen doubts on Gorbachev's strength within the Soviet hierarchy. One Western European diplomat in Moscow called it "the first serious political setback for Gorbachev." He added: "The first man he promoted is forced to resign." And the man who replaces Yelstin, former Leningrad party chief Lev Zakharov, is regarded as a conservative, even though his exact political alliances are unclear in the West.

In dismissing Yelstin, Gorbachev is seen by some analysts as having lost an important political ally—but one who the Soviet leader allowed to run not ahead of him in demanding economic reforms. His denunciation of Yelstin last week may have been merely a necessary political play, but the impact of the sudden loss of his key supporter was only too real.

—KATHERINE HEDGECOCK in Moscow

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JORDAN

A show of Arab unity

For the Arab world, it was an unusual show of **UNITY**. Emerging from a four-day Arab League summit in Amman, Jordan, last week, the presidents, kings, emirs and sheiks issued their toughest message yet to Iraq: agree to cease fire with Iraq or face united Arab opposition. With the exception of Libya—whose deputy leader, Abdel Jiloud, denounced the summit's resolutions as "American inspired"—leaders of the 11-member league endorsed the July 20 United Nations resolution calling for a ceasefire, troop withdrawals and an inquiry into who started the bloody, seven-year-old war. Summit host King Hussein of Jordan was clearly delighted with the outcome—especially the support of Syria, one of Iraq's closest friends in recent years. "We stand united to defend every inch of the Arab nation," Hussein told a news conference. "This is not a challenge, but it is a solid front we are presenting Iraq."

Aside from a strong declaration of solidarity with Iraq—and with Kuwait and Saudi Arabia which, although not at war, are in confrontation with Iran—the summit produced another surprise. It cleared the way for Arab governments to resume diplomatic relations with Egypt, isolated since 1979 for signing the Camp David peace treaty with Israel. Although the resolution fell short of allowing Egypt to rejoin the Arab League, it did permit individual Arab states to re-establish ties with Cairo, which has been a major contributor to Iraq's war effort. And shortly after the summit ended, the United Arab Emirates and Iraq announced their resumption of diplomatic relations with Cairo, followed at week's end by Morocco and Kuwait.

The summit was the first meeting of Arab leaders since 1948 that has not centred on the Arab-Israeli conflict. The leaders' new preoccupation was underscored by an Iranian missile attack on Baghdad, coinciding with the opening of the conference on Nov. 4, that killed and wounded several civilians. Indeed, the Gulf war raged throughout the week. Iranian gunboats strafed a Japanese-owned tanker, and Iraq jets set ablaze a 260,000-ton Greek supertanker carrying Iranian crude oil. And in a defiant response to the league, the Iranian foreign ministry said that Iraq was "determined to continue its defensive war despite all the enemies' plots and propaganda." The statement added that it was a matter of shame that the summit should forget the struggle against Israel. By "forcing



King Hussein and Assad: working men

the banner of opposition to the Islamic Republic of Iran," said the summary statement, the Arabs were "in effect acting to betray the holy cause of Palestine."

In fact, the summit did address the Palestinian question, if only in ritualistic fashion. A final declaration stated that it was "the core and essence of the conflict, and that peace in the Middle East will not be achieved except through the recovery of all the occupied Arab territories and the restoration of the inalienable national rights of the Palestinian people." Still, the English translation of summit resolutions—provided by Jordan—failed to include the usual reference to the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) as "the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people." That omission—whether deliberate or accidental—prompted cries of "betrayal" from PLO chairman Yasser Arafat, who has long been at odds with King Hussein over who should represent the Palestinians in any peace conference with Israel.

That lapse apart—and despite a refusal by Iraq President Saddam Hussein to shake hands with his old enemy, Syrian leader Hafez al-Assad—the Arab summit showed the Arab leaders' ability to present a surface front to an exterior threat. But if Tehran refuses to make peace, the Arab world may have to decide whether it is prepared to replace tough rhetoric with action.

—ANDREW BRADY with correspondent reports

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THE UNITED NATIONS

The politics of food

A bold attempt, spearheaded by Canada, to replace the United Nations agency chief responsible for averting Third World famine ended in embarrassing failure last week. After nine months of intensive diplomatic lobbying, Canadian delegates to the biannual conference of the UN's Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) arrived in Rome clearly confident that the agency's entrepreneurial director general, Edouard Saouma, would be defeated in his effort to win an unprecedented third one-year term. But when it came to a vote, the 61-year-old Lebanese incumbent—whose Jewish identity and expatriate-building has angered some of the agency's donor nations—held onto his \$200,000-a-year job by a comfortable margin. And since Canadian delegates said that they were left flummoxed over the deletion of African delegates who had promised earlier to vote for the candidate backed by Ottawa, House Member of Rome, in West Africa. Declared Ronald MacIntosh, an official with the Food and Agriculture Development Agency (FADA) in Ottawa, "At least 20 of the Africans that we had contacted on an firm behind in the process of the voting booth."

What surprised the Canadian delegation most was the size of Saouma's Nov. 9 victory—34 votes in 38. And surprise about the outcome focused on a series of one-on-one meetings that Saouma had held on the eve of the vote with 38 African delegates in his plush Rome office, which is furnished with Oriental carpets and a private driver. For years delegates have charged that Saouma has lured out Jews, Maronites and even helicopters to woo representatives in impoverished countries in exchange for their support. In the FAO, Western industrialized countries provide 80 per cent of the budget, but they account for only one-fifth of the 158 member nations. While senior Canadian sources discounted the idea that Saouma tempted with the ballot boxes, they said that he may have offered inducements to the Africans in return for their votes. One source said, "I don't understand how our intentions could have been as far out without some persuasive going on."

The vote ended the bitterest campaign ever over leadership of the FAO. And it risks at a time when the agency—with its \$600-million two-year budget—faced

a cash-flow crisis, severe administrative problems and the prospect of disastrous new famines in Bangladesh and other parts of Africa. Indeed, it was Saouma's failure to react quickly to the 1984 famine in Ethiopia that helped galvanize opposition to his rule. Early this year MacIntosh played a major role at a



Saouma (right) with FADA deputy director-general Gordon Nelson, left.

meeting of representatives from nine of the FAO's industrialized member countries. The group—including delegates from Australia, Denmark, West Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and Britain—met in Canterbury, near London, and with the later addition of Japan and Finland became known as the Canterbury Group. Their aim, said CIDA president Margaret Calley-Carlson, was not just to replace Saouma with Nnessah, the respected current assistant president of the International Fund for Agricultural Development, another FAO food agency. Said Calley-Carlson, "What we are after is reform. We didn't go after Saouma because we didn't like the color of his eyes."

But the support of the Canterbury Group may have actually hurt Nnessah. Some delegates suggested that Saouma's victory might reflect a backlash by Third World countries against Western nations. They said that Saouma's victory might also reflect Third World resentment at the recent success of the industrialized nations in removing an-

other controversial agency chief, Saouma's Amadou Mahtar M'bow, from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). The United States left UNESCO in 1985, and Britain quit one year later, cutting the agency's resources by 30 per cent. M'bow, like Saouma, was accused of gross inefficiency by many and of corruption by some member countries.

Saouma's re-election threw into question Canada's continuing support of the agency, to which it contributed \$10 mil-

lion this year. Former Canadian agriculture minister and ex-UN World Food Council president Eugene Whelan attended the meeting as an adviser and later said: "Any animosity between what we know is a democratic country and the renegeing of the FAO is purely coincidental. No donor has more authority than Saouma's has."

Although it was too early to say whether Canada would scale its contributions to the FAO, government sources said that it would probably direct more of its \$200 million in annual contributions to UN agricultural bodies to the UN's World Food Program, which provides emergency aid to starving nations. At week's end, it was clear that the Canadian officials involved in the setback in Rome were highly disappointed. Said one: "Our nose has been badly blooded. We have to creditably know now." For another, this was only a setback for a more effective means of getting help to the needy in the developing world.

—HILARY KACKENBUE in Ottawa with
MARK CLARKE in Rome

MIDAIR CLASHES

Five years ago an economic recession, record-high interest rates and a towel industry slump nearly put Montreal-based Wardair out of business. Ward, chairman of Edmonton-based Wardair Inc., the country's third-largest airline, said that he came close to defaulting on his loans even after cutting operating expenses to the "poverty level." But since then, Wardair has rebounded to challenge Montreal-based Air Canada and Calgary-based Canadian Airlines International (CAI) for a share of the lucrative domestic market. And later this month Wardair will receive the first two of 12 new aircraft purchased from the European consortium Airbus Industries for \$800 million. "We want a market share domestically," Ward said. "I'm talking about the business traveller, the coast-to-coast traveller."

The new aircraft are the centerpiece of Ward's strategy to transform his company from a charter operator into a scheduled airline serving every class of traveller. But the emergence of a third national, scheduled airline will heat up the already intense battle for passengers being waged by Air Canada and CAI. It also reflects the dramatic changes occurring in the airline industry. Management at CAI is still attempting to merge four major airlines into one effective company, while Air Canada badly needs new capital to replace about half its fleet of 111 aircraft.

Until recently, executives of the Crown corporation were anticipating that the Mulroney government would allow them to raise part of the money through a public offering of Air Canada shares. But a spokesman for Minister of State for Privatisation Barbara McKellogg said last week that the issue is still being reviewed, particularly in light of the October stock market crash. Besides

its internal financial problems, Air Canada is in the middle of a dispute with its ground crew members, who are threatening to begin rotating strikes in order to win a new contract. Meanwhile, William Best, an Air Canada senior vice-president, said, "We will have to stick-lande our way around the question of financing."

Although Wardair announced the



Ward: a complex loan package and appeals to the business traveler

purchase of the Airbus A330-300s last January, the financial negotiations were completed only two weeks ago. In a signing ceremony at the Dorchester, a swank hotel in London, England, on Nov. 6, Ward sat at the head of a U-shaped table surrounded by 30 officials representing 11 banks from eight countries. They will provide loans totaling \$800 million. The deal with the banks is unique because it provides for a 15-year repayment period—compared to the normal 10 to 12 years—and just as im-

portantly, the money is being advanced in Canadian funds, which will prevent Wardair's costs from rising due to currency swings. As part of the deal, Wardair is running money through the sale of aircraft, a share sale said last May and a bond issue now on the market.

Despite the attractive features of the loan package, some critics question whether Wardair can carry an additional \$800 million on top of its existing \$160 million in long-term debt. "The company has always been exceedingly leveraged," said Richard Jones, airline analyst with Toronto-based Merrill Lynch Canada Inc. "It makes an investment in Wardair that much more speculative than it has been." Given its financial obligations, Wardair would face huge losses if it fails to take some market share from Air Canada and CAI, said Jones.

But Ward argues that, in order to survive, his company had to become a scheduled airline. Federal deregulation of the airline industry allowed Wardair to begin offering scheduled domestic flights in mid-1986. Currently, the company runs scheduled flights on 14 routes between Canadian cities. But the new company cannot offer enough flights daily to attract business travellers because it must fly 455-seat Boeing 747s and 380-seat McDonnell Douglas DC-10s. By comparison, the Airbus A330-300s seat only 154. With smaller, more fuel-efficient aircraft, Wardair will substantially increase flight frequencies, said Ward. "We had to get a smaller airplane to get into such areas as the Toronto-Montreal-Ottawa triangle."

Indeed, the fiercest battle between the three airlines will likely be waged in that triangle because it is so lucrative. Traditionally, Air Canada has held about 55 per cent of that market, admits Murray Sigler, president and chief oper-



Wardair's new Airbus A330-300s: an industry with managerial cuts, layoffs and financial crisis

ating officer of CAI. But in the past year his airline has begun offering 18 flights each weekday each way between Toronto and Montreal. CAI also flies 18 times each way between Toronto and Ottawa on weekdays. Said Sigler: "Our goal is to get half of that market."

Although Wardair faces an uphill battle entering the Toronto-Montreal-Ottawa triangle and other scheduled markets, the company cannot afford to pass up the potential revenues. Director of corporate relations Christopher Yaffee notes that Wardair sells a Toronto-London round trip for an average of \$800, and it takes some 18 hours of flying time altogether. By comparison, a round trip between Toronto and Montreal takes only two hours, but the airlines charge \$200 to \$300 per passenger. "It's the most lucrative market in the country," said Yaffee. "With 30 to 15 per cent of the triangle market, Max would fill his planes."

While Wardair is moving from a charter to a scheduled airline, the management of CAI is still trying to keep its company from serious parts. CAI came into being last December when Calgary-based Pacific Western Airlines (PWA), the country's third-largest air carrier at the time, acquired Canadian Pacific Airlines Ltd. (CPAL) of Vancouver and, with it, Eastern Provincial Airways (EPA), based in Atlantic Canada, and Montreal-based Nordair Ltd. CAI also holds equity interests amounting 45 per cent in the commuter airlines stretched across the country. They were purchased to feed CAI with passengers from smaller centres.

In order to establish its identity as a new airline, CAI has launched a massive advertising campaign, and Sigler. The company is also attempting to lower its 1988 operating budget by \$80 million, largely through staff reductions. As of early October CAI had cut its management ranks by 300 through

early retirements, attrition and some 300 layoffs. Said Sigler: "We have gone through the company from top to bottom with a view to cost savings."

But behind the advertised image of one larger, unified company, CAI's operations have been hampered by disputes among the numerous unions affiliated from the four airlines. The flight attendants have gone before a professional mediator and are now before an arbitrator because they cannot agree on how to merge seniority lists. Brenda McLean, a local vice-president of the Canadian Union of Public Employees' (CUPE) airline division, said that former PWA, Nordair and EPA attendants were seniority for all attendants based on date of hire. Former CPA attendants are fighting for a so-called "no gain, no loss" seniority formula that would allow them to retain seniority jobs on international flights, and McLean as-

is a one-year contract. Air Canada pilots recently accepted a 27-month contract with two four-year-term pay raises. The union also wants instead pensions. Said McLean: "A strike seems almost unavoidable." The airline contends that its wage offer is adequate because the workers already earn more than their counterparts at CAI and Wardair.

Although striking strikes would hurt Air Canada on a short-term basis, the airline must upgrade its fleet in order to remain competitive over the next decade. The Crown corporation wants to replace 32 Boeing 747s and some of their 37 McDonnell Douglas DC-10s about half its fleet of 111 aircraft. And Air Canada's Board said that the airline's plans depended to some degree upon the government selling shares in the company to the public. "They were talking about quite a large privatization, which would have provided us with welcome financing," said said. "People were disappointed by the failure to move." Now, he added, the airline might have to obtain a cash infusion from the government or borrow the money.



Sigler holds for the lucrative routes

Although the federal government earlier this year appeared close to a decision to privatize the airline, it subsequently dropped its plan. However, Ian Suckling, an adviser to McKellogg, minimizes the risk. "It is not a dead issue," he told *McGraw-Hill*. "It is a complex issue, and the world changes on a daily basis." But Suckling said that he had no idea when the Air Canada privatization review will be complete or when the government will make a final decision. That type of uncertainty will make life most difficult for Air Canada as the competition with CAI and Wardair takes off in the coming years.

—EVARIE JENSEN with BARRY HENSTON in Calgary and LARRY VAN DUSEN in Ottawa



Patrice: setbacks and the search for new insights at Atomic Energy of Canada

Nuclear deal-making

It was an unusual day's work for research scientist at the Chalk River installation of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. (AECL), 200 km northwest of Ottawa. On Nov. 10, instead of grappling with problems in their laboratories, they were meeting with a group of 68 businessmen in the company cafeteria. The goal of the 68 scientists was to convince their invited guests that the expensive technology developed in conjunction with AECL's Canadian deuterium-uranium reactor (CANDU) program had a commercial use. At 34 booths set up in the cafeteria, AECL staff displayed wares ranging from a device that detects metal particles in lubricants to

thermal opportunities. A diesel budget reduction by the federal government announced in the May, 1988, budget would cut the level of funding to the reactor site in half—to \$700 million in 1990 from \$280 million a year. As well, there have been no sales of the CANDU reactor, which costs roughly \$1 billion, since 1979 because of growing opposition in the Western world to nuclear electrical generation and because of surplus generating capacity in many countries. Before that AECL had sold seven of the reactors abroad—six each to South Korea, Pakistan and Argentina, two each to India and Romania. AECL also designed and built 16 CANDU

electrical generating reactors in Ontario, and four more are under construction in that province, New Brunswick and Quebec. Stanley Hattler, president of the 1,000-member research unit since February, 1986, said that the market for CANDU reactors is now "dormant," rather than dead. As well, he predicted that more reactors will be sold when electricity demand catches up with supply in these or four years. But in the meantime, in order to keep a core group of scientists, technicians and support staff together at Chalk River, money must be found from outside sources. Hattler said that the government had made it clear during the past

two years that it wanted the nuclear group to become more "commercially minded." As a result, the budget cut was not entirely a surprise. Said Hattler: "We could see the writing on the wall."

According to Hattler, the budget problems have led to a fundamental rethinking in the corporate thinking at AECL. Now, when technology is developed in conjunction with the nuclear program, scientists are asked to think of possible commercial applications that could lead to joint ventures or licensing arrangements. In one case, a device originally used to detect free particles in heavy water has been adapted to fit into engines as a maintenance monitor. By detecting impurities in lubricants, it can gauge engine wear and warn of impending failure. Senja, a division of AECL's research department, based in Nepean, Ont., has already taken advantage of the technology by purchasing licenses from AECL to produce a machine called Ferroscan, which was on display at the trade fair.

In other instances, the scientists are actively seeking outside work. AECL recently landed a contract with Chicago-based Morton Thiokol Inc., an important supplier of parts to the U.S. space program, including the controversial O-rings that failed during the Challenger shuttle shortly after takeoff on Jan. 28, 1986. The rings were de-



Researcher examining film of the AECL display, among jobs



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signed to hold synthetic rubber stock in place between joints in the solid-fuel booster rocket, but they allowed fuel to escape in the seconds before explosion that killed all seven crewmen on board. AGC, mechanical engineer Norm Pothier told Molteni that a group of field researchers realized that work they had done on seals for nuclear reactors could be applied to the shuttle's rings, and they got in touch with Morton Thiokol. Several meetings later the Chrysler corporation won a contract to help test materials used in the rings for Morton Thiokol.

Most of the businessmen attending this week-end fair seem more clearly impressed with AGC's inventions. But at the same time, some had complaints about its forays into the business world. Ernest Card, vice-president of Wardrop Engineering Inc. of Winnipeg, said that his firm occasionally faces competition for jobs against AGC, even though it offers engineering advice. That service was part of an earlier tentative step toward commercialization in 1982. The fair, however, is just a mere stress-test for capital on AGC's abilities. And, Card, there are more people in the private sector who view such competition from a Chrysler corporation as unfair. But for his part, Hatcher said that, instead of offering direct competition, AGC is simply trying to complement private sector know-how through joint ventures and licenses. He added that AGC views those complaints as proof that it is being aggressive enough.

Still, commercial income will have to grow swiftly if AGC is to avoid layoffs in the coming year. Currently, the corporation raises about \$32 million a year as a contract basis providing research and development in AGC laboratories for private companies. As much as \$400,000 annually has been raised through technology licensing and joint ventures. Hatcher said he hopes that within the next 12 months there will be at least one major spin-off product on the market created by the reactor's original development. For his part, George Pella, president of the Toronto-based capital firm on Capital Corp. Ltd., said that he was leaving the fair with seven or eight ideas for possible new products. Pella said that it would take some time for AGC's commercial side to develop. But in the end, says one nuclear business man, "it may take the nuclear world in importance. Declared Pella. "It may well be that the tail begins to wag the dog."

—MAGLIENE DOBSON is in Chab River.

Taking stock of the QSSP

Stock market analysts batted the program as the engine for people's capitalism in Quebec. The Parti Québécois introduced the Quebec Stock Savings Plan (QSSP) in 1979 to encourage Quebecers to invest in their own province through the stock market by offering them a tax break on their investment. As a result, sales in the stock houses of small companies flourished, and thousands of individual Quebecers watched the value of their investments grow on the Montreal Stock Exchange. Right

QSSP investments by individuals sagged as investors turned to larger companies.

The erosion of the QSSP has been most seriously felt among the province's small investors. Since the introduction of the plan, the number of Quebecers investing in the stock market declined to 54 per cent in 1984 from seven per cent in 1979. Now, many of those investors are angry because values on most QSSP companies have plummeted. Many industry analysts predict that disillusioned invest-



Montreal Stock Exchange: Investors retreat in the wake of last month's crash.

years later many analysts were crediting the QSSP with almost single-handedly generating a growth industry of underwriters, brokers and lawyers who have handled more than \$5 billion worth of investments in the plan's stock. But in the wake of last month's stock market crash, sales of QSSP stocks ground to a halt as investors retreated.

The loss of investor confidence following Black Monday, Oct. 19, underscored some problems with the QSSP that were slowly surfacing over this past year. Increasing numbers of such small and unseasoned companies as ski lift operators and a funeral home were entering the market to raise money rather than borrowing from traditional lending institutions. That, in turn, raised concerns among many brokers about the quality of new issues. As a result, last December the new Liberal government slashed the size of the QSSP's maximum deduction from taxable income to \$5,000 from \$15,000. The number of

investors who stay away from the stock market is the future.

At the same time, the shrinking market for QSSP has also been a blow to Quebec's financial industry. As a result, it is pressuring the government to make several concessions, including reinstating more attractive deduction provisions in the investment plan.

Last week officials in the finance department said that they were still considering changes to the plan. For his part, Jacques Parizeau, who created the QSSP during his tenure as finance minister with the PQ in 1979, expressed disappointment with the government's outlook. But, he added, "the big investors will keep the market alive until confidence comes back." Still, for the small investors who made the QSSP so successful, it will likely be a while before that shattered confidence returns.

—BRUCE WALLACE is in Montreal.

BUSINESS WATCH

Mussolini's corporate legacy

By Peter C. Newman

Italy symbolizes Italy's economic miracle. It used to be Benigno Prodi, a pugilist former university professor who leads an anonymous-producing commercial complex named the Institute for Industrial Reconstruction. Although scarcely known outside Italy, he is the largest non-oil company outside the United States, making a third among *Forbes* magazine's parade of 500 largest industrial firms, just behind Royal Dutch/Shell and British Petroleum.

Revenues from the 1,078 companies that comprise the conglomerate last year exceeded \$48 billion from such disparate sources as the world's third-largest steel plant, three-quarters of Italy's shipbuilding capacity, the country's telephone system, four of the nation's banks, fertilizer-making, everything from chocolate and ketchup to burglar alarms, and Alitalia, the national airline. That bewildering corporate patchwork is a legacy from the Depression of the 1930s when, under the guise of national socialism, Benito Mussolini folded most of the country's banking, industries and financial institutions into several state-owned trusts, 30 being the largest and most diversified among them. It remains government-controlled (reporting to parliament through a ministry for state holdings), and Romano Prodi has not only managed to make the huge complex profitable (a net of \$274 million in 1984), he is now busy revamping it.

When Prodi took over the holding giant in 1982, he was losing \$2.5 billion a year, swamped under a \$38-billion debt load, and its annual borrowings amounted to 12 per cent of all new debts assumed by Italian companies and households. Prodi had been a professor of industrial organization at the University of Bologna, having produced in his last year as a research assistant at the London School of Economics. He later spent a year as president of the Materassi network and eventually moved into active politics, leading minister of industry in 1981 in one of Giorgio Napolitano's short-lived governments. In 1983 his fellow Christian Democrats put him in charge of the 30 complex, which was then on the edge of collapse. Since then he has been running the company.

This is one of a series of columns on Italy's domestic economic recovery.

as if he owned it and, recently, was appointed to a second four-year term.

Prodi has defied Italy's talismans against layoffs by reducing his labor force to 570,000 now from 545,000 in 1982, and he has replaced three-quarters of the company's executives. He has modernized obsolete plants and pegged salaries and advancement to performance instead of political connections. Prodi persuaded the unions to accept job cuts, mainly through pay-

But Prodi says that he is having too much fun where he is. "Even though I taught industrial organization, this is the first time I had a chance to apply it," he told me during an interview at his headquarters on Rome's Via Veneto. "Eventually, I will go back into my teaching job at the University of Bologna, where I will be able to write some fancy one studies. Meanwhile, I intend to speed up the privatization process, taking some risks along the way, because I'd needs more equilibrium in its profit position."

Prodi is expanding his company's reach into world markets, particularly Europe. "It was started by necessity," he said. "Now we can achieve something by intelligence, and we should not continue to own any operations that can be run better by the private sector." Prodi's biggest problem is the money-losing Finisider 808, the antiquated steel complex that lost \$392 million in the first half of 1987.

The main reason Prodi has become such a popular Italian icon is that he has broken the stronghold of the country's business establishment over industrial ownership. He did it by using the Milan exchange to float about \$4 billion worth of stock in such companies as Alitalia, then applying the funds to reduce corporate debt. He has spun off about 30 companies, including A/Si, Rome's 100 per cent building subsidiary, which was sold earlier this year to Fiat for \$1.1 billion.

The hidden agenda driving Prodi and other enlightened Italian businessmen is that the European Community plans to remove all trade barriers among its 12 member states by 1992. They say that Italy can prosper under such an arrangement only by harnessing the competitive energies of private enterprise. But for many observers, the process is not moving nearly fast enough.

For his part, Daniele Krass, general manager of the powerful Rassemblement Association of Lombardy, told me: "Prices are not a function of costs in this country because there is still far too much politics and public-sector involvement in the economy. The privatization process is much too slow. A truly industrial society cannot emerge unless it lives by the marketplace. Politics functions almost like a behavioral line where nothing is definite, everything is negotiable." That battle between bureaucracy and free enterprise will decide Italy's future.



Prodi: a complex of 1,078 companies

most conflictive (personal in Italian labor relations), and reduced hours lost through strikes by one-fifth in the process.

Prodi was recently named Italy's leading business executive in a poll of industrialists and financiers in *L'Espresso*, a leading weekly news-magazine. There is continual speculation that he may be drafted back into the troubled Christian Democrat party as a future leader and possible prime minister.





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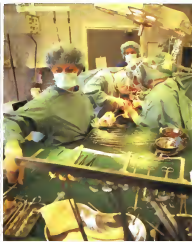
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THE TRANSPLANT REVOLUTION

The tiny figure on the operating table was hardly visible beneath swaths of sterile cotton. Plastic tape holding respirator tubes masked the infant's neck and distorted her Caped-bow mouth. With infinite care, surgeon John Najarian probed the gaping wound in 11-month-old James Finke's abdomen. Forceps delicately lifted the vein that attached James's diseased liver to her body, exposing the vessel to Najarian's surgical scissors. Moments later his glowing hand pulled James's malfunctioning organ from her body. Within minutes another took its place, the healthy liver of a 16-month-old Utah boy, Jon Ballou, who had died several days earlier from injuries received in an automobile accident. Finally, Najarian's deft fingers were sutured into the connection between Jon's liver and James's body, completing the organ transplant. That dramatic 6-hour operation took place in Minneapolis five years ago this month. Next week James, now an energetic, independent Bridgewater, Mass., kindergarten student, will celebrate her sixth birthday.

Birthday. She would never have reached that birthday, not probably even her first, without her new liver. "James is a typical anyone-old," her father, Charles Finke, told *Menorah*. "The transplant does not play a big part in her life now." For surgeon Najarian, however, the six months on next week's cake, and the birthday card James will receive from Jon Ballou's parents, will have a special meaning. Said Najarian: "Five years represent a very important milestone. If she can go five years, that



Heart surgery: success and controversy 20 years after the first heart transplant

one go the distance." It is a season of such milestones. Next month transplant specialists will mark the 10th anniversary of the world's first human heart transplant, by South African doctor Christiaan Barnard. This month is also the fourth anniversary of the world's first successful lung transplant, at Toronto General Hospital, as well as the second anniversary of the first successful heart transplant into an infant, at

transplant, 887 kidney transplants, 66 liver transplants and more lung or combination heart-and-lung transplants listed, the procedure is now "routine," declared Dr. Calvin Seiler, chief of transplantation at University Hospital. "It has moved from experiment to being a therapeutic procedure that people expect to have done."

At the same time, surgeons continue to test the limits of their skills,

in critical but stable condition. Sixty-four years have elapsed from debates about ethical issues involved in the operations, and some critics argue that the high-tech-and-high-cost-medical intervention absorbs scarce health dollars that could be better spent on prevention of disease. Last month in Orillia, Ont., Judy Brown without a brain was sustained on a respirator so that her organs could be used in a transplant (page 40). Some observers speculate that the president could encourage physicians to seek body parts from medically disabled children whose lives are endangered. However, as researchers break new ground—including such operations as penis tissue transplants—and employ techniques that until recently were confined to science-fiction plots, that ethical debate is unlikely to diminish.

Lungs. But for patients like Thomas Hall—the first recipient to survive a lung implant and return to full health—those concerns pile beside the immediate benefits of replacing a diseased or damaged organ with a healthy, functioning one. The lungs of Hall, a 60-year-old Toronto wholesale hardware manager, were crippled by fibrosis—a scarring condition usually brought on by lack of blood or oxygen—and were barely functioning. "I had been on oxygen 24 hours a day for a year," Hall recalled. "I couldn't walk upstairs. I had six to eight months to live." But one month after he received a new lung, on Nov. 7, 1983, Hall went home from the hospital for the first time in years to breathe deeply. Hall's lung capacity is still limited because he has only one new lung—and it is small, having come from a 13-year-old boy who had died in a car accident. "I'm still a 60-year-old man," Hall added. "I can't run or walk fast for long periods. But as long as I get my age, I do all right." Other recipients enjoy more dramatic recoveries. "It is the being reborn," declared Jeffrey



John Hall with his transplanted lungs, from experiment to routine procedure

the Los Angeles University Medical Center in California.

In the two decades since Barnard's ground-breaking operation, organ transplantation has lost much of its novelty, but none of its drama—or its ability to generate controversy. And since clinical tests earlier this decade at University Hospital in London, Ont., and other centers proved the effectiveness of the powerful antirejection drug cyclosporine, organ transplants have proliferated. Last year's statistics for Canada alone are staggering: 153 heart

transplants, 887 kidney transplants, 66 liver transplants and more lung or combination heart-and-lung transplants listed. The procedure is now "routine," declared Dr. Calvin Seiler, chief of transplantation at University Hospital. "It has moved from experiment to being a therapeutic procedure that people expect to have done."

BIONIC BREAKTHROUGHS

With the growth of transplant technology has peaked back the boundaries of conventional medicine, other frontiers await exploration. The development of artificial body parts presents scientists with perhaps their greatest challenge to duplicate, using human technology, the handwork of nature. Although the field is still relatively new, some mammoth compo-

nents—including synthetic blood vessels and heart valves—have been available for several years. Among the more recent accomplishments:

Implantable ears. These lightweight, mostly plastic prostheses are designed for amputees or people born without limbs. Powered by small nickel-cadmium batteries, the artificial limb responds to minute electrical impulses

from the muscles in the wearer's stump and can provide a gripping force sufficient to perform such tasks as holding a knife or riding a bicycle. The cost in Canada ranges from \$5,000 for a prosthesis below the elbow to \$10,000 for an above-elbow model.

Cochlear implants. Although they cannot reproduce the stimulation of neural hearing, cochlear implants—or artificial inner ears—enable profoundly deaf patients to improve their understanding of speech. Unlike standard hearing aids, which simply send to the head of hearing, the cochlear im-

plant actually takes the place of the cochlea, the seat of the hearing organ. The dry wire device, implanted in the inner ear, uses a microphone and speech processor to translate sounds into electrical signals, which in turn stimulate the auditory nerve. The cost ranges from \$5,000 for the American-made House of Ear single-channel im-



Jurk heart pumps

plant is \$20,000 for the sophisticated Australian Multi-Channel Hearing Prosthesis, which uses 22 separate electrodes.

Artificial hearts. One of the most exciting advances in so-called spare-parts medicine is the Jurk heart, designed and produced by researchers at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City and named after their developer Dr.

Robert Jurk. Essentially air-driven pumps made of plastic and titanium, Jurk hearts are used as a temporary bridge to keep patients alive while they await natural heart transplants. Among the most expensive of bionic devices, the popular model—the Jurk-7 and its smaller counterpart, the Jurk-7T—cost \$20,000 to \$30,000 apiece. But the investment has reaped some reward: of the five patients in Canadian hospitals who have received Jurk hearts since 1980, three are still alive.

—DAVID TUCKER in Toronto

music teacher Allan Jackman 4th year after his May 1983 heart transplant. Jackman, an ex-serviceman regularly and plays drums in a country music band.

Survivors: Those success stories are increasingly commonplace at Canada's 35 transplant centres, in locations from Vancouver to Halifax. Indeed, heart transplants have become one treatment for severe heart disease in patients as old as 80, and 84 per cent of these recipients survive for at least a

formed 351 more heart transplants during the next two years. But they all failed to bring their recipients back to full health, and only 25 of the patients lived more than a few days after their operations. As a result of that dismal mortality rate, the procedure fell out of favour, and only a few surgeons were still attempting heart transplant operations by the mid-1970s.

But in 1978 a pharmaceutical breakthrough occurred that would reverse that bleak record and inaugurate a

co-ordinator of London, Ont.-based Transplant International, an advisory group that promotes organ donation, argues that such waiting lists underestimate the real need. According to Lake, the actual number of potential kidney recipients is three times higher. Bold Lake: "About 3,000 people could be helped, but they are not put on waiting lists because organs are not available."

Still, there is no scarcity of potential donors. Indeed, while only three per cent of the 300,000 deaths that occur each year in Canada are of people able to provide healthy organs for vital-organ transplant, just 50 per cent of those would be enough to eliminate waiting lists entirely.

Doctors: But simply having an adequate supply of body parts does not guarantee more transplant operations.

For one thing, organs deteriorate quickly after death, even when immersed in cold, individuals are maintained on life-support systems; lungs must be transplanted within four hours of the donor's death. As a result, distance and time frequently bar many patients from receiving suitable organs from donors in far-off hospitals.

And for their part, many physicians say that they hesitate to approach grief-stricken



Cooper (seated) at reunion of heart transplant recipients. If it can be done, it should be done.

year with their new organ. In the nine year, liver recipients up to 15 years of age can now look forward to an 80-per-cent chance of surviving the crucial first year after the operation, while one-year success rates for older recipients are now about 70 per cent. The most unsettling prognosis faces patients receiving lungs or both heart and lungs—but even they enjoy better than even odds of a successful graft. And with kidney transplants, first attempted in 1954, 80 per cent of recipients survive the first year. Declared London's Stiller, "We have far better results than the treatment of 50 per cent of cancers."

These advances equally dramatic improvements since South Africa's Barnard performed the first heart transplant on Dec. 3, 1967. His first patient, 60-year-old Louis Wolkstein, died of pneumonia only 18 days after he received the heart of a 24-year-old woman who had died in a traffic accident. Still, Barnard's first emboldened surgeons around the world, and they per-

formed new sets of transplant surgery. It happened when Swiss researchers who were examining rat samples in search of new antibodies found a drug that produced a powerful immunosuppressant—a substance that blocks the body's defense mechanisms from rejecting foreign tissue. In 1980 that new discovery—now known as cyclosporine—had received its first clinical trials in London, Ont., where it was found to have an ability to suppress rejection of grafted tissue without impairing the body's ability to combat other invaders.

Waiting: But the surge of transplants that followed the discovery of cyclosporine has also caused new problems—first notably, an acute shortage of organs for the growing number of patients who need them. At any given time in Canada, there are about 3,000 recipients waiting for a suitable kidney. Another 60 or more are waiting for hearts, while smaller numbers await the next available liver or pancreas. And Anne Lake, executive

next of kin in order to ask them to donate their dead relative's organs—even though recent polls show that 86 per cent of Canadian families would agree to such a request. Indeed, most doctors honor surviving relatives' decision not to donate their loved ones' organs—even though the victim of a fatal traffic accident may have previously signed the organ-donation form that accompanies all provincial drivers' licenses. Declared Toronto intensive care specialist Dr. Neil Lunan: "It is an added stress when a physician is sitting in front of a family who is grieving. We don't involve talking in delivering bad news." However understandable that reluctance to intrude on grief may be, the result, added Lake, is that "70 per cent of donor organs are wasted."

But a new \$20,000 computer system installed at Winnipeg's Manitoba Donor Services could reduce the time lost in matching organs with suitable recipients across the country. The system, which has been operating since Sep-

Remember when you first discovered the joy of driving?



tember, will eventually link hospitals across the U.S. via the Jeffery, the chairman of the Organ Watch Last (OWL) network. In the past we phoned across the country to find potential recipients. Now, we can have the computer sort the master list on the basis of medical priority." A similar computerized clearinghouse in Virginia also links potential donors and recipients in the United States, and Jeffery predicted that the two networks would soon have access to each other.

Sublet: Last month doctors in London, Oct., broke new ground in the search for donors when they decided to sustain an infant known as Baby Gabriel on a respirator. In the past, profoundly handicapped infants who were born missing large sections of their bodies have been allowed to die naturally—an event that inevitably occurs within hours or, at the most, days, but which may leave their organs too severely damaged for survival. But in Baby Gabriel's case, physicians periodically turned off the machine in order to determine whether she could breathe on her own. And when Gabriel could no longer do so, a physician switched the respirator back on and began preparing to transplant her heart into another infant's chest. Declared Arthur Schaller, the director of the Centre for Professional and Applied Ethics at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, "I think under the circumstances it was legitimate there are babies with our prognosis." Bill Schaller expressed concern that without ethical restraints, physicians might be tempted to use other seriously injured infants who have uncertain chances of survival as sources for organs.

Shocked: Indeed, London's Stiller said that he had been shocked by a recent proposal he received from a California woman who was the mother of a diabetic girl. According to Stiller, the woman told him that she wanted to become pregnant—and then abort the fetus in order that insulin-producing tissue from the unborn baby's pancreas could be implanted to replace her daughter's damaged organ. In addition, Stiller and many other doctors express concern that the growing ease of transplant operations may stimulate the widespread sale of body parts—a practice that is illegal in Canada. And he noted that no underground trade in organs is already operating in

some countries. In Beirut, for one, newspaper accounts say advertising posters offering kidneys for sale. And two years ago many West German doctors reported that they had received brochures offering kidneys from live Third World donors for \$50,000 each.

Apart from expressing alarm at the



Jarvik: high-tech medical facts and ethical debate

prospect of a black market in organs, some critics question the wisdom of devoting a growing share of the nation's health budget to transplant—operations which, by their nature, assist relatively few patients. Certainly, organ transplants are expensive. According to U.S. studies, installing a new heart costs about an average \$125,000, while a liver transplant operation can reach \$175,000. Only kidneys, at \$45,000 a transplant, are demonstrably cheaper than the medical alternative: a \$60,000-a-year dialysis program. Declared Martin's Schaller, "The lives of some babies are being saved by operations that cost over \$100,000. At the same time, thousands of babies are being born prematurely with serious

illnesses, because we haven't hired enough public health nurses."

Critics who argue that more attention to other lines of research could reduce the need for organ transplants received timely support last week. Canadian and U.S. regulators ruled that a new drug capable of dissolving blood

clots that causes heart attacks could be made available to the public. The drug, tissue plasminogen activator (tPA), is a genetically engineered copy of a substance found naturally in human blood, and it could improve a heart attack victim's chances of survival by 30 per cent. Still, the drug will be expensive. Its maker, Genentech Inc. of San Francisco, confirmed last week that the new drug will cost between \$2,000 and \$3,250 per treatment.

Pioneer: But lung transplant pioneer Joel Cooper, who performed the ground-breaking lung implantation on Thomas Hall, says that he and his colleagues are not about to stop operating. Declared Cooper, "If it can be done, it should be done." In pursuit of that goal, doctors at the Hixon Medical College in Welles, Ohio, reported in October that they had successfully transplanted a functioning testicle from a man into his 25-year-old son after the younger man lost his own testicle in an accident. The young man, who equipped with a reconstructed penis, is now a father himself, his child, according to geneticists, is his own half-brother.

As well, scientists at Sweden's Lund University and at Cambridge University in the United Kingdom say that healthy brain tissue taken from fetuses may help victims of Parkinson's disease, a debilitating disease that attacks the nervous system. According to the researchers, such fetal tissue transplants—the first of which may be undertaken next year—may help restore vital functions. Similarly, fetal transplants, they say, may also offer hope for sufferers of Alzheimer's disease and multiple sclerosis. And in Sydney, Australian researchers suggest that transplanting healthy nerve system cells could help victims of acquired immune deficiency syn-

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SUFFERING AND JOY

three (and) fight the deadly ones. Toronto's Cooper also maintains that cross-species transplants between animals and humans hold promise of success—despite one notable failure in 1984. It occurred at Loma Linda centre when, as it turned out, as Baby Huey died less than one month after she received a baboon's heart. And in London, University Hospital's Stiller confidently predicts that the staff of some fiction novels—whole brain transplants—are potentially within technical reach.

Issues. But Cooper acknowledges that such advances will also raise thorny new ethical issues. Declared Cooper: "Can you imagine the animal rights people if you had a colony of primates in the backyard and you're harvesting hearts?" And Roscoe Balfour Babbs Gutterer Plunk notes that unanswered questions that will become more urgent as more technical barriers fall before the transplant surgeon's knife. Predicted Plunk: "The question of identity will arise. One of these days, we're going to have brain transplants. Who is that new person?"

While transplant physicians and ordinary citizens alike may have to ponder these issues one day, the surgeons who are performing current operations say they enjoy widespread support for their work. In any event, many of the patients who receive new life under their hands say that the experience prompts them to re-examine their goals—and how they will spend their new energies. Declared long recipient Hall for one: "I felt I owed somebody something." As a result, Hall now performs volunteer work for the Canadian Lung Association and is also involved in a campaign to raise money for a new open house in Mississauga, just west of Toronto.

Gift. In similar fashions, Roscoe Balfour Plunk is showing their gratitude for an operation that will allow their daughter to celebrate her sixth birthday on Nov. 28. They have recently purchased a house inside walking distance of four British Columbia. They plan to convert it into lodgings for the families of transplant patients—charging there a nominal fee of \$11 per night. Said Charles Plunk: "We are doing it because when Janice was sick, people were very, very good to us." Hearty, despite the experience, over the course and relative ease of many transplant operations, the Plunks and many others support their preference—simply because they offer a priceless gift to the recipients. Renewed life.

In a pioneering operation that brought two Canadian infants and an internationally renowned heart transplant specialist together in California last month, Paul Hile of Surrey, B.C., became the world's youngest recipient of a heart transplant—imagine eight hours after he was born. What follows is a reconstruction of the week-long event in the lives of two families as medical drama played in a tiny heart beating. (All times are local.)

Mid-August, 1987:

At Vancouver's Grace Hospital, an advanced imaging technique that was almost used to produce a three-dimensional image reveals that the 28-week-old male fetus that Susan Blum, M.D., obstetrician at Loma Linda, is carrying has a congenital heart defect. Specified to her that the defect will prevent the left chamber of the heart from pumping blood through the baby's body. Hall, 26, and her husband, Gordon, a 30-year-old video store owner—who also has a healthy five-year-old son, Jason—learn that the unborn baby will likely die within 48 hours of birth. It's only a chance for survival, doctors tell the nubile parents, in a complicated, difficult and risky heart transplant.

Late August: Nearly 5,000 km to the east, in Orlia, Oct.'s Soldiers' Memorial Hospital, a couple awaiting the results of their first x-ray receives shocking news. Two ultrasound tests show that the 22-week-old female fetus in amniotic fluid—that is, she is a genetic defect that will cause her to be born without a brain. Obstetrician told the baby's mother, Karen, 26, and her husband, Fred, a 36-year-old business consultant, that if they choose to go through with the birth, their baby will have no chance of surviving. The baby's brain stem will stop functioning, she will cease breathing and she will never wake up.

Early September: Karen and Fred (who have asked that their surname not be revealed) decide to offer their daughter's organs for transplant.

Mid-September: Alton, Gordon and Jason Hile visit California's Loma Linda University Medical Center. The 573-bed Research Day Adventist hospital, located more than 1,800 km away from the family's home in British Columbia, is world-renowned for performing transplants on infants. There, specialists confirm the bleak diagnosis on the unborn child. The Hiles must furnish their own heart



Alton Hile and Baby Huey, the youngest heart recipient

transplant recipient and infant transplant specialist Dr. Leonard Bailey. They weigh the risks and costs (more than \$200,000 of the proposed surgery and the fact that the doctors still must find a suitable donor).

Oct. 9: The Hiles tell their family doctor that they want the Loma Linda specialists to begin searching for a donor.

Oct. 11: In Orlia, Karen celebrates her 27th birthday. Her baby is three weeks overdue.

Oct. 12, 11:30 a.m.: Labor begins as Karen prepares to cook a turkey for a Thanksgiving dinner.

Oct. 12, 6:00 p.m.: Karen delivers a son—Paul, three-ounce girl at Soldiers' Memorial Hospital. Nurses place a blanket on the baby to cover the spotting at the back of her head. She is breathing in her own doctors' nostrils. Dr. Timothy Frewen, director of Canada's largest infant transplant centre, the Children's

Hospital of Western Ontario, that the baby's parents wish to donate her organs to an another child. The centre is in London, 130 km southwest of Orlia. Later, Baby Gabriel, named for the Biblical guardian angel, is baptized in a Roman Catholic ceremony.

Oct. 12, 6:30 a.m.: Alton Hile's breathing apparatus and intravenous lines are on a respirator and intravenous to help maintain a sugar solution and medication to help sustain her heart and other organs. It is the first time that an amniotic baby has been kept alive as a donor for a transplant operation.

Oct. 12, 2:00 p.m.: Gabriel, now attached to the respirator and amniotic sac, is taken by a five-member medical team, arrives in London by plane, where she is transferred to Frewen's care. There, doctors begin turning the clock back of at least eight hours in order to determine if she can still breathe unassisted.

Oct. 14, 9:25 p.m.: After three hours minutes away from the respirator, Gabriel fails to breathe on her own and doctors declare her clinically brain dead.

Oct. 14, 9 a.m.: Transplant co-ordinator Michael Bloch of London's University Hospital is searching for a recipient for Gabriel's organs. He telephones Loma Linda pediatric cardiac transplant co-ordinator, Cheryl Markin.

Oct. 14, 4:01 p.m.: Markin telephones Alton Hile in Surrey, now three weeks away from the date when her baby is due. She tells the expectant mother that Loma Linda has located a potential donor.

Oct. 15, 4:30 a.m.: In London, Bloch, a pediatrician, a nurse and a respiratory therapist board a chartered air ambulance to head for Loma Linda with Gabriel. The infant is lying in a heated Plexiglas basket. She is breathing with the aid of a ventilator.

Oct. 15, 5:00 p.m.: Because of a delay due to rough weather, the bathroom in the building isn't set running late, and Gabriel has used up most of the ventilator's oxygen supply as the plane lands in Denver, Colo. For refueling Bloch makes an urgent telephone call, and specialists from a local children's hospital deliver chemical breathing gases and oxygen tanks to the waiting plane.

Oct. 15, 6:00 a.m.: Alton and Gordon Hile arrive Loma Linda aboard an air ambulance after a five-hour trip from Vancouver. They begin to get ready for cesarean section and transplant operations.

Oct. 15, 9:45 a.m.: Pig daughter Gabriel's plane from Loma Linda to Norton Airforce Base, 95 km east of Los Angeles.

Oct. 15, 11:45 a.m.: Gabriel arrives by ambulance at Loma Linda, where specialists ensure her. But Bailey, worried that the infant's heart is not strong enough, schedules further tests and

postpone surgery for one day.

Oct. 15, 4:00 a.m.: Doctors check Gabriel's heart and decide to proceed with the operations.

Oct. 16, 10:54 a.m.: Dr. Elmer Stahel, chief of obstetrics and a native of Karlsruhe, B.C., delivers Paul Hile by cesarean section. He weighs about 6½ lb and has red hair, like his mother.



Oct. 16, 7:45 p.m.: Technicians pack ice around Paul's brain. To slow his body functions they route his blood through a heart-lung machine, which cools it to 20° C—17 degrees below normal body temperature. Doctors remove Gabriel from the support machine. They weigh approximately 28 people—including argon, anesthetics, atrium and co-medical—in the room. Bailey makes an incision in Paul's chest.

Oct. 16, 2 p.m.: Surgeons remove Gabriel's walnut-sized heart. Surgical assistants then cross the organ in a saline solution, pack it in a plastic bag, immerse it in a container of ice and take it to the adjoining operating room.

Oct. 16, 3:05 p.m.: Bailey removes the defective heart and completes preliminary repairs of Gabriel's heart into Paul's chest. The operating team begins to circulate donated blood through Paul's body, gradually warming the transfusion.

Oct. 16, 3:35 p.m.: Paul's new heart begins to beat spontaneously.

Oct. 16, 3:55 p.m.: Stuffed that the heart is functioning properly, Bailey begins sewing the organ into place.

Oct. 16, 6:30 p.m.: The operation ends. Paul Hile has become the world's youngest heart transplant recipient.

Oct. 17: Paul gradually awakens and begins to move his arms and legs.

Oct. 15: Gabriel's remains arrive back in Orlia for her cremation the next day.

Several days after the transplant operations Karen and Fred were eating dinner in a restaurant near their Orlia home. Several staff members also remained there from an evening of the transplant operation. Several friends were there to show their sympathy for the couple's loss. The couple told the staff that they were proud of their daughter's sacrifice. They went to that dinner, they said, not to grieve but to celebrate.

Last weekend Baby Fred received his normal in good condition, and the Hile family took him to their home for the coming year—an apartment near the Loma Linda Medical Center. After that crucial period of adjustment, he will likely have to take antiseizure drugs for the rest of his life. But Bailey said that it expects the child to develop normally—and enjoy what is already a second chance at life.

as antiseizure drug. In Paul

Oct. 16, 11:45 a.m.: Surgeons saw Paul into an operating theatre, in an adjacent operating room, doctors confirm to administer morphine to Gabriel to guard against the remote possibility that she would suffer during the transplant operation.

Oct. 16, 7:45 p.m.: Technicians pack ice around Paul's brain. To slow his body functions they route his blood through a heart-lung machine, which cools it to 20° C—17 degrees below normal body temperature. Doctors remove Gabriel from the support machine. They weigh approximately 28 people—including argon, anesthetics, atrium and co-medical—in the room. Bailey makes an incision in Paul's chest.

Oct. 16, 2 p.m.: Surgeons remove Gabriel's walnut-sized heart. Surgical assistants then cross the organ in a saline solution, pack it in a plastic bag, immerse it in a container of ice and take it to the adjoining operating room.

Oct. 16, 3:05 p.m.: Bailey removes the defective heart and completes preliminary repairs of Gabriel's heart into Paul's chest. The operating team begins to circulate donated blood through Paul's body, gradually warming the transfusion.

Oct. 16, 3:35 p.m.: Paul's new heart begins to beat spontaneously.

Oct. 16, 3:55 p.m.: Stuffed that the heart is functioning properly, Bailey begins sewing the organ into place.

Oct. 16, 6:30 p.m.: The operation ends. Paul Hile has become the world's youngest heart transplant recipient.

Oct. 17: Paul gradually awakens and begins to move his arms and legs.

Oct. 15: Gabriel's remains arrive back in Orlia for her cremation the next day.

Several days after the transplant operations Karen and Fred were eating dinner in a restaurant near their Orlia home. Several staff members also remained there from an evening of the transplant operation. Several friends were there to show their sympathy for the couple's loss. The couple told the staff that they were proud of their daughter's sacrifice. They went to that dinner, they said, not to grieve but to celebrate.

Last weekend Baby Fred received his normal in good condition, and the Hile family took him to their home for the coming year—an apartment near the Loma Linda Medical Center. After that crucial period of adjustment, he will likely have to take antiseizure drugs for the rest of his life. But Bailey said that it expects the child to develop normally—and enjoy what is already a second chance at life.

—ANNE/LEWIS with ADRIAN CHODURA in Loma Linda

—CHRIS WOOD with WILLIAM LORTHER in Vancouver. BARRY BURTON in Orlia. LUCAS HILL in Winnipeg and correspondence reports.

'THE CONSUMMATE SURGEON'

Dr. Wilbert Koss entered the operating room cautiously. The dramatic surgery was a delicate-looking task: approach the table where an anesthetized patient lay, his chest cut open to expose a beating heart. A team of doctors, nurses and technicians stood by, their trays of sterilized instruments and battery of electronic gadgetry at the ready. After exchanging a few words and brief glances, Koss and his team set to work on the four-hour bypass operation. It was a success, but later in his office, Koss, the 50-year-old doctor general of the University of Ottawa Heart Institute at the Ottawa Civic Hospital, was reflective. He said that he is still excited each time he saves a "precious" life. But occasionally the operations fail. "If things don't work out," he said, "it is truly devastating sometimes."

Balancer: Koss—known to his friends as Willie—and his team have made the heart institute a world-renowned center for transplants and other cardiovascular operations. Koss performs almost a quarter of the institute's yearly 1,200 heart operations, including two dozen transplants. Involved in life-and-death decisions almost daily, he is one of the nine-member transplant team that must decide who will receive a transplant and whether the procedure will prove life—or merely prolong pain. Said Koss: "One must always balance a human being's right to life against his right to die with dignity."

Koss says that he does not see transplants as a life-or-death decision. Still, he adds that he has little patience with critics of the practice who say that money spent on organ transplants runs funds from other procedures and from medical research. A heart transplant costs roughly \$25,000, but Koss says that the long-term hospitalization for a person with a diseased heart can be even costlier. And besides, he said, no one has the right to "start playing prior tags on human life."

The youngest of 18 children, Koss spent his boyhood in the tiny Ottawa

Valley community of Chapawa, Que., 130 km northwest of Ottawa. As a child, he dreamed of entering the National Hockey League. But he was deterred by a slight frame and by his mother, Loretta, who was determined that all her children would receive a

based volunteer organization promoting organ donation. "He is a pioneer in every sense, the consummate surgeon." But even as a medical student at the University of Ottawa in the late 1950s, Koss stood out. After earning five degrees, Koss returned to the university in 1968 as an associate professor in the surgery department. Three years later he gained fame by perfecting a lifesaving emergency bypass operation that restores blood supply to dying heart muscles. But one of the highlights of Koss' career came in May, 1984, when he conducted the first temporary installation of an artificial heart in Canada.

Surgical, administrative, research and teaching duties prevent Koss from spending as much time with his family as engaging in such favorite pastimes as watching football games or reading history books as he would like. The silver 1987 Jaguar that he drove before the city and his country home at Deschamps, 25 km west of Ottawa, is the only material indulgence to which he will admit. As a boy he was fascinated by cars and prided himself he would one day own a Jaguar. **Possibilities:** But the walls of his office testify to his two real passions—his family and his work. There are photographs of his three children, charting their growth from toddlers to teenagers, and of his wife, Anne, 49, who helped finance his studies by teaching school. And there are facsimiles of hearts and heart parts everywhere. Past heart valves are mounted in plastic blocks to use as paperweights. Quilted red valvular hearts are piled on the couch where he naps.

Koss said that he specialized in cardiac medicine because he anticipated medical breakthroughs that would save the lives of many young people dying from heart disease. Said Koss: "It just seemed to be a matter of time—and it has come to pass."—David S. Glickman



Koss: "If things don't work out, it's devastating."

good education. Koss says that he was inspired to become a physician by the example of the compassionate, old-style country doctors he met as a teenager. Among them was his older brother, Harold. Recalling these role models, Koss said, "There was a very uplifting kind of life to look forward to and a tremendous opportunity to make your life worthwhile."

Fame: Now Koss is ranked among Canada's top surgeons. Said William Brady, president of Transplant International (Canada), a London, Ont.-

—PHIL GIBSON/12 in Ottawa

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The call came shortly after midnight last Aug. 30. Christine Bloduez Gingras said that she knew as soon as the phone rang that her long, tense wait was finally over. Knew since last May, when Montreal doctors told her that she would die soon unless they could replace her deteriorating heart and lungs in a transplant operation. Bloduez Gingras had been waiting for suitable organs to become available to save her life. But she said that she never gave up hope that the doctors would find the perfect organ match in time. "What would have been the point in saying 'Oh my God, I might not make it'?" said the 56-year-old former garment worker from Lacarville, 75 km northwest of Quebec City. "I was very lucky to be waiting for a transplant. Twenty years ago they would have told me just to go home and wait for death."

Call: Within an hour of that early-morning call from her surgeon, Dr. Albert Guenaty, Bloduez Gingras was in an ambulance and on her way to Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital. Doctors there had managed to save the heart and lungs of a 13-year-old boy who had just died in an accident. And after a successful operation that lasted four hours, Bloduez Gingras awoke in the recovery room—with a new heart and lungs and feeling better, she said, than she had in years. Five days after the operation she was able to pedal a stationary-bicycle exerciser, and three weeks later she left the hospital.

Bloduez Gingras had suffered from Eisenmenger's complex—a hole between the left and right ventricles of her heart. The supply of oxygen to her body was becoming severely limited—to the point that her face and hands were turning blue. Without the transplant, her doctors said, she would not have survived for more than a few months. Because of her relative youth and general good health, Bloduez Gin-

A SECOND CHANCE



Bloduez Gingras after a "thunderbolt" gift, a drinkable recovery

gras was considered an ideal transplant recipient.

Defect: Although Bloduez Gingras had known about the congenital defect in her heart since childhood, she did not show any symptoms of the disease until she was 22. Shortly after her son Stephen, now 18, was born, Bloduez Gingras suffered a pulmonary embolism—a clot blocking one of the lung's arteries—and doctors told her that her heart was deteriorating.

By 1983 she could not lead a normal life. She died too quickly to work or even climb stairs, and complications had limited her lung capacity, reducing the flow of oxygen to her body and causing the discoloration in her hands and face. The symptoms worsened last spring, and Bloduez Gingras entered the Hospital Centre of Laval Univer-

sity, where she awaited word of an organ donor with permission to return home only on weekends.

Allow: Still, she says that she was staggered by the telephone call asking her to immediately go to Royal Victoria Hospital. "I was speechless when the doctor told me," she recalled. "It was like a thunderbolt." By 6 a.m., when Bloduez Gingras had been prepared for surgery, Guenaty and his seven-member transplant team had been waiting for eight hours to keep the still-functioning heart and lungs of the young donor alive. The next thing Bloduez Gingras knew, it was noon on a summer Sunday, two hours after the completion of the life-saving surgery. Immediately, she says, she was stunned by how well she felt.

"The first thing I did was look at my hands," she recalled. "They weren't blue anymore. I kept showing them off to everyone who looked in. I felt absolutely fantastic." But she quickly made it clear to the doctors that she did not want to know who the donor was. "I would love to thank his family for the tremendous gift he left me," said Bloduez Gingras, "but I wouldn't want them to feel uncomfortable."

Still, the long-term prognosis for patients who have had heart-lung transplants remains uncertain. To date, according to Dr. Stuart Jacobson, a surgeon at the Minnesota Heart and Lung Institute, the first-year survival rate of the dual-organ transplant is 50 per cent. But Christine Bloduez Gingras, who hopes soon to resume the responsibilities of her household, says that the rest of her life will be different from the one she led before the operation. "People do little, normal things every day that they don't think about," she said. "I appreciate things like walking up stairs and just going for a walk I walk for hours and hours now."

—LEA VAN DUSEN in Montreal

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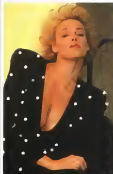
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After 20 months of life with her now-16-year-old husband **Sylvester Stallone**, **Brigitte Nielsen** left him and his Los Angeles mansion that summer in return for \$7.8 million. Now working in Italy, the 36-year-old Danish-born model appears regularly in European gossip magazines, wearing little or no clothing. The sex-fact beauty has been romantically linked with both women and men; her latest alleged romance is with male model **Luca Rossi**, 25. And while Stallone's mother, **Jacqueline**, a Las Vegas female wrestling promoter, was an outspoken opponent of the Stallone-Nielsen

business world because I know it best. So I combined the two."

The headline in the usually reliable *New York Times* read, "A Canadian becomes 26th president." That president is **Theodore Roosevelt**, who held office from 1897 to 1901, and the Canadian is **Winston** **Larsen**, 46, who perhaps the former chief executive in **Teddy** and **Alto**, a new play that had a pre-Broadway run in Baltimore before opening in New York on Jan. 12. Most reviews have been unfavorable, although critics singled out **Carla**'s performance as a shining grace. For his part, **Carla** said that he does not read reviews, good or bad. He added, "We've done 18 performances and had 11 standing ovations, so we must be doing something right."



Melrose: a girl-fighter linked with man and monster

woman, **Rosa's** mother, **Fiona**, is much more accommodating. Said **Pave**, "If she were to become my daughter-in-law, I'd be thrilled."

From 5 to 6, **Bruce Allen Pave** works in his 26th-floor downtown Toronto office. But in the evenings and on weekends, the vice-president of public affairs for the Canadian Life and Health Insurance Association is a novelist. **Pave**, 62, has published five books since 1966, and his latest, *The Ice Factory*, appeared last month. In it, he explores two very different cultures: urban business and the mythical North. It's been, also, a businessman and writer. Does the corporate world and travel to the wilds of the Yukon to research a book. Said **Pave**: "I began with the North, but my family kept nagging me to set a book in the

where, he says, "Cows and pigs were the first things I met outside my immediate family." Still, **Stall** is relieved that his next project—a book on hypochondria—only for human models. Said **Carla's** author "Try saying 'Work with me, baby' to a cow, and she'll look at you like you're a nut."

Carla (right) **Wes** **Rosevelt**—a Canadian becomes president?

Millar number 1 ranking



After riding away with scores of trophies in 36 years of international competition, Canadian horseman **Ian Millar**, 46, is a serious model contender at the Summer Olympics next year in Seoul, South Korea. His achievements over the past year have made the Perth, Ont., native the world's top-ranked show-jumper: when the first time a Canadian has been number 1 in the world. **Millar** attributes much of his success to **Big Red**, the 11-year-old chestnut gelding he has been riding for nearly five years. But, added **Millar**, "Every time you think you've got them figured out, these horses will find a way to show you that you haven't."

—YVONNE COX
and contributors report

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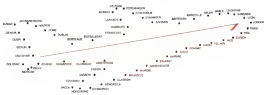
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SPORTS

Raising Kane at Syracuse University

The touchdown came in the second quarter of an already lopsided football game. But for Syracuse University receiver Toney Kane, the timing was perfect. When the 23-year-old, five-foot-seven 180-pounder from Montreal leapt for the ball—just half-way in mid-air and establishing it near his shoulders—a sell-out crowd of 50,011 in the Syracuse, N.Y., Carrier Dome and a U.S. national television audience were watching. The airborne 35-yard reception was one of six for Kane in Syracuse's stunning Oct. 17 60-21 win over Penn State—last year's top-ranked U.S. college team—and raised Kane's already valuable stock on the release of National Football League scouts. Declared CBS sports commentator Brent Musburger: "They talk about Kane's ability in hockey and basketball. With a catch like that, he can play baseball."

Indeed, growing up in Montreal's low-income Little Burgundy community, Kane excelled at every sport he played. As a 15-year-old, he once scored five goals during the final game of a hockey tournament at the Forum. But he also excelled in basketball—averaging 26 points a game at a U.S. basketball camp for university prospects in 1992. Kane was a star little league baseball pitcher and an outstanding running back in Montreal's city-wide midget (ages 15 to 16) football league. At age 18, Kane weighed scholarship offers from Michigan State, Boston Area and the University of Miami before choosing Syracuse. Now in his fourth year, Kane entered last week's game against Boston College with 12 touchdowns—receptions—a single season record for Syracuse. And with 36 catches in the team's string of nine victories without a loss, Kane has been a major reason why the Syracuse Orangemen—ranked sixth in the nation—are headed toward a major New Year's Day bowl game.

But the key to Kane's future is next spring's NFL draft. He runs the 40-yard dash in 4.37 seconds and has a vertical leap of 42 inches, raw skills that will

likely make Kane a first-round draft choice. But even if Kane is not selected until the second round, his first-year contract will make him a wealthy young man. Said Toronto-based sports agent Ott Scott, who negotiated a \$14-million contract for Canadian offensive lineman Mike Shan, the Los Angeles Rams' first-round pick in 1996: "Toney Kane is very marketable. He

was separated when he was 3. "Anything that was trouble, I wanted to be a part of." Added Kane's first baseball coach in Montreal, Joe Tyrrell: "People really wanted to keep their kids away from him. It took a special understanding to deal with him."

For Kane, that understanding came from Bob White, founder of a Montreal sports association for underprivileged black youths. White met Kane at a summer baseball camp in Lewiston, Que., when he was 13. Kane told Musburger: "That was one of the happiest days of my life. It was the first time I really ever went anywhere." White later steered Kane to Syracuse after a four-month period of academic seasoning at Fanshawe College in London, Ont. And when Kane became frustrated during his freshman year at university, it was White who convinced him to persevere. Declared White: "I was just trying to help some kids from a low-income downtown area. I wanted to create some positive role models."

Clearly, his relationship with Kane and other youths created that and more. Seven of Kane's Montreal friends have since received athletic scholarships at U.S. institutions. One, Wayne Barwood, will play against Kane when West Virginia meets Syracuse in the last game of the season on Nov. 23. Indeed, last week's score sent Bert Reynolds and a newspaper story about Kane in Toronto, where he was filming a movie, and called White to ask if he could recommend prospective Syracuse transfer for Reynolds's alma mater, Florida State University.

Already enjoying fame and looking forward to fortune, Kane says that he plans to maintain a base in Montreal and help guide the next generation away from crime and into sports. Said Kane: "One of my biggest thrills is knowing that what I have done could help some other kids. If there is any more talent in Montreal, it will not go to waste."

—DAN STEIN in Montreal



Kane: from Montreal's Little Burgundy to top NFL prospect

has already proven what he can do. He's looking at the first two rounds at this point."

Kane, an above-average student in retail management, admits that at another point during his wild youth he seemed more likely to become a criminal than an NFL draft choice. One of his neighborhood's most notorious delinquents, Kane was once reported to the police by his own mother after stealing her car. "I was involved in a lot of mischief," said Kane, whose par-



Steinberg (left) and Steinberg with police repeated complaints of child abuse

CRIME

A tragic life and death

Six-year-old Elizabeth Steinberg became a child-abuse statistic on Nov. 2 New York City police freed the battered little girl living unconscious in a Utky Greenwicht Village apartment. She never regained consciousness, and on Nov. 5 doctors at the city's St. Vincent's Hospital pronounced her brain dead—and froze-sealed her life-support system. Manhattan district attorneys swiftly laid murder charges against her adoptive parents, 46-year-old lawyer Joel Steinberg and Heidi Nussbaum, 44, a former children's book editor. At the same time, the child's death focused attention on domestic violence and child abuse—and the horrifying fact that as many as 200 children die from beatings in New York City alone each year. And it also sparked an angry debate over whether neighbors and others who suspected that the child was being mistreated long before her death should share the blame. Declared New York Mayor Edward Koch last week: "Anyone who was aware that this child was being abused had a moral responsibility to make a call." Koch personally sponsored the girl's death to the 1984 murder of Kitty Genovese. In that incident—which is frequently cited as evidence of the indifference of New Yorkers to other

people who occupies a first-floor apartment in the building, who insisted that tenants had frequently reported incidents of domestic violence in Apartment 2W to the authorities—without any success. Said Genovese: "I don't know what else we could have done, or should have done." Added another resident, Jean Buzanese: "You could hear the screams and the beatings in their apartment all the time."

But after Elizabeth died on Nov. 5 from injuries that included a broken hemorrhage and numerous cuts and bruises on her face, head and body, other witnesses came forward to produce further evidence of abuse. General photographer Stuart Gross, for one, recalled that on Oct. 29—two weeks before Elizabeth's death—he had visited P.S. 41, the elementary school where she was a Grade 1 pupil. Gross said that he had noticed the little girl while he was taking class pictures at the school because she had a large bruise on her left cheek and a black mark beneath her right eye.

Gross did not call the authorities at the time. But Sharon Lusting did, after she saw Steinberg and Elizabeth at about 8:30 p.m. on Oct. 26. Lusting, a tall collector on the New York Thruway, recalled that a car containing a muffled, bruised child had stopped at her booth located about 300 km south of the state capital of Albany. Suspecting that the child may have been kidnapped, Lusting took down the license number and telephoned police. State troopers stopped Steinberg's car 36 minutes later, but they accepted Elizabeth's explanation that she had not been abducted. And after calling Nussbaum to confirm that the little girl had not been kidnapped, they allowed Steinberg to drive on to New York—after taking a photograph that showed the little girl's injuries.

One neighbor, who requested anonymity, estimated that she had made as many as 50 telephone calls to police during the past 17 years. Initially, she said, she had done so to report that Steinberg was beating Nussbaum, his common-law wife for the past 17 years. But she added that she had called a municipality-owned child-abuse telephone hotline last Oct. 6 because of her concern that the two children were also being abused. Deputy Insp. Robert Branciel confirmed that the police had visited the Steinberg apartment that day in response to her call. But he stressed that the officers had found that only Nussbaum had been beaten—and added that she had refused to press charges over a swollen and split lip.

Now Elizabeth, an ABC TV news producer

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Now Elizabeth, an ABC TV news producer

LAW

Injunction withdrawn

Eighteen days after filing an application for a court injunction to stop Maclean's from publishing a special edition on the 1988 Calgary Winter Olympic Games, the Canadian Olympic Association and the 19 Olympic Winter Games Organizing Committee (OCOG) successfully withdrew the motion last week. On Nov. 13 the two official bodies said that the application was being withdrawn after they "clarified their specific concerns"—and being that they were to demonstrate that they did not intend "to constrain free-

doms of Section 9 of the Trade Marks Act, which applies to the Olympic marks and symbols in a notice filed with the court, Maclean's lawyers, Julian Porter and David Potts of the Toronto firm Porter & Frutkin, cited the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, contending that an injunction against the special issue would deny the magazine "the fundamental freedom of reporting a national news event and publishing its report of that event." Said Maclean's editor, president and managing editor of the Olympic Trust,



Downtown Calgary: "we did not want to curtail the freedom of the press"

dom of the press or damage the image of the Games."

The application to the Federal Court of Canada claimed that promotion material for the special edition had used official marks controlled by the Canadian Olympic Association, contrary to the Trade Marks Act. It claimed that Maclean's was trading unfairly on those marks, leading to the implication that the special edition is "associated with or licensed by" the Olympic program. But from the outset, Maclean's contended that the magazine had no intention of appearing to be an officially sanctioned product of the Olympics, did not want to be considered official and had no reason to release any of the more than 800 Olympic marks and symbols. True the New York publisher of Time and Sports Illustrated, paid roughly \$2 million for the rights to be an official sponsor of the Calgary Olympics and to produce the official program.

Maclean's challenged the contra-

dict for the Olympic groups. "We did not want, in any way, to curtail the freedom of the press. The most efficacious way to clear up the misconception was to withdraw the application."

However, the official statement added that the Olympic groups "will continue to have recourse for damages as a result of any unauthorized use of their official Olympic marks." And Heiler said that the bodies are looking into plans by other publications to produce special Olympic editions.

At week's end, writing, editing and design of the special edition continued. Said Maclean's editor Kevin Doyle: "Probably the most encouraging aspect of the whole case was the level of support from all across the country for the magazine's position. Letters, phone calls, concerned editorials—an encouragement from such groups as town councils. It was a strong reminder of how deeply ingrained basic freedoms are in Canada."

REPLY TO ADVERTISERS

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Songs of a native son

Stepping off a Greyhound bus from Toronto in 1963, a 17-year-old boy found himself in West Helena, Ark., by the banks of the Mississippi River, unable to believe his senses. "It seemed different and so much different," Robbie Robertson recently recalled. "The people talked and dressed different. And the air was filled with thick and funky music." The experience left an indelible impression on the budding guitarist and songwriter.

Years later, Robertson drove on it to write some of rock's most evocative songs—including *Up on Cripple Creek* and *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*. And he performed them with his group, The Band, which critic Greil Marcus has called "the best rock 'n' roll band in the world." The group disbanded in 1978, and Robertson the songwriter fell silent. His explanation is disarmingly candid: "I had nothing to say." Now, at 44—with the release of *Robbie Robertson*, his first solo album—he does.

Recent reviews from across North America have greeted his return. And the album, which debuted last week at No. 37 on the Canadian charts, is already selling briskly. Produced by Canada's Daniel Lanois, it features guest appearances by former Band members Rick Danko and Garth Hudson, as well as current rock stars U2 and Peter Dinklage. The album's songs underscore Robertson's lyrical gifts—and reveal the source of his inspiration. On *Testimony*, the album's stirring lead track, he sings "the half-breed rodeo singer." And songs such as *Showdown at Big Sky* examine issues from an Indian point of view—a perspective based on Robertson's own native roots.

Jeanne Robertson was born in Toronto on July 8, 1943, to a Jewish mother and a Mexican woman. But after his father died, Robbie began spending summers with relatives on the Six Nations reserve near Brantford, Ont. Said Robertson: "It was my first contact with spiritual people who had a connection with Mother Earth. They could

stuff the air and say it would rain in four hours, and it would. It was astounding." Many of his relatives on the reserve sang and played guitars, vibraphone or mandolins. "It was also the first time I'd heard music up close," said Robertson, "and I wanted some of it."

Armed with guitar lessons from relatives, the teenage Robertson began playing in Toronto bands, including The Rockets and The Canals. Then, in 1968,

right—along with three albums, *Music From Big Pink* and *The Band*, had become classics. Their sound was an enormous blend of white gospel, bluesgrass, country and 19th-century parlor music mixed with indigenous country and boogie rock. And Robertson's imagination lyrics so deftly captured the spirit of America that few U.S. fans guessed that the composer was Canadian.

But drugs and the pressures of touring took their toll. By 1973, when the group left Big Pink—their contractual home in upstate New York—and moved to Los Angeles, the creative spark was gone. After a final world tour with Dylan the following year, The Band called it quits. Their farewell concert became



Robertson on Navaho reservation from making music at Big Pink to living showdowns at Big Sky

Arkansas nobility singer Memphis' Bonnie Hawkin came north with drummer Levon Helm and quickly recruited Robertson, Justin Danko, organist Hudson and keyboard player Richard Manuel as his backup band, which he named The Hawks. Touring here from Ontario to Dixie, The Hawks became known as one of the tightest rock bands on the road. Within two years they emerged from Hawkins's shadow, performing as Levon and the Hawks.

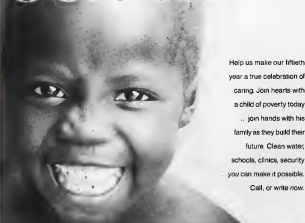
In 1968, 16-year-old Bob Dylan heard them perform at The Forum's Tavern in Toronto and promptly signed them up. Together, Dylan and the group that had become known simply as The Band drove each other on to greater musical heights. Within four years The Band members were stars in their own

The Last Waltz, a movie directed by Martin Scorsese featuring performances by Neil Young, Muddy Waters, Jon Mitchell and Dylan. The film's closing words were Robertson's: "The road taught us all we know. But it has taken a lot of the great ones, and it's a God damned impossible way of life."

Throughout the 1980s Band members got together for sporadic reunions. Robertson never took part, but his words from the film proved prophetic. Last year, after a concert in Florida, Manuel—known for his serious drinking problem—hanged himself in his hotel room at the age of 42.

The four who survived have done so by finding new creative outlets. Robertson worked as music director for such Scorsese movies as *The King of Comedy*

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and starred in the 1980 film *Curly, Hair, 52*, acted in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, while Robertson, 50, and the only classically trained musician of the group—now seems meant for film.

Currently, Robertson, his wife, Dominique, and their three teenage children live in a modest bungalow in Santa Monica, Calif. A gentle person, Robertson rarely entertains at home, preferring to meet friends at local restaurants. But lately his passion for native culture has taken him farther afield. He collects Indian paintings and visits the sacred Indian grounds of the Acuna Pueblo—a Navaho reserve near Albuquerque, N.M.—to spend time with young native artists. And Robertson, "I love to hear them talk because of the pride in their heritage. They're offering a strong new voice."

Robertson's solo album carries the voice of his own roots. The stark confrontation in *Stardust* of *Big Sky* contrasts the deadly world of "the wagon race" with a peaceful place he calls



Hudson, Mulock, Hale, Robertson, Danko: The best band in the world

"the valley of tears by the river of time." *He'll Be My Hero* is a rugged rock song about an Indian who goes off to fight the white man's war and returns with a ravaged soul. And the gentle *Broken Arrow*, sung to the beat of native drums, speaks of a spiritual quest in the last tradition of Robertson's work with The Doobie.

But the album's most explicitly autobiographical song is *Somewhere Down*

the *Crash River*, which relates Robertson's experience in the American South. According to Bill Duke, a Hamilton-based musician who worked on the album, the inspiration came late one night in the recording studio. Robertson, an engaging storyteller, was reminiscing his arrival in the Mississippi Delta. His conversation so enraptured producer Lanois that he started rolling the tape.

The result, a richly cinematic narrative, magically takes the listener back to that day in 1961 "A stranger in a strange land," Robertson growls. "I followed a pilgrim coming from up the river." Walking past abandoned Chevys in empty fields, he explored that world—entranced, but with his eyes and ears wide open. A quarter of a century later Robertson's music remains that magic. And a new generation of listeners is about to fall under his spell.

—NICOLAS JENNINGS in Toronto

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Exporting the elderly

In July, 1986, Japan's ministry of international trade and industry (MITI) proudly announced an imaginative plan to provide housing for elderly Japanese—outside the country. It called the program Silver Colombia, evoking images of graceful old age and new world discovery. But the reaction was swift and damning, with critics condemning the plan as a barbaric attempt on the part of the government to solve Japan's overwrought problem by getting rid of a rapidly increasing population of old people. Seemingly taken aback, officials appeared to shelve the idea. But in fact MITI, which calls itself the ministry of ideas, never abandoned Silver Colombia. Now, bolstered by strong support from Japan's business community, MITI officials are pressing ahead with a modified version and a new name—Extended Lifetime Stay Abroad—that they say better reflects its intentions.

The Silver Colombia plan initially proposed the permanent movement of many thousands of elderly Japanese to self-contained communities in sev-



Japanese seniors. "I want to die here!"

eral, countries, including Australia and Spain, and on the west coast of Canada and the United States. Its proponents claimed that old people would enjoy sunny climates and a cheaper cost of living, and that the villages would provide a unique not only for the Japanese companies that would finance, build and run them, but also for the countries where they were located. The Colombia part of the original name was derived from Christopher Columbus, with the caveat date for the program set for 1992—the 500th anniversary of the Italian navigator's historic voyage. "Silver" is a widely used catchword for the elderly in Japan, in part because of the silver-colored metal set aside for them in Tokyo's subway cars.

For his part, Takao Kitahata, MITI's director of service industries and chief architect of the plan, recently returned from what he called a "study trip" to areas now under consideration in southern France, Portugal and Spain. He told *Wired* that local government leaders there had given his plan an enthusiastic reception. But some officials said that they have abandoned the idea of permanent colonies, partly as a result of a survey they had undertaken among outgoing expatriates over 50 years of age, although 60 per cent expressed some interest in living abroad after retirement, less than 10 per cent said that they wanted to retire abroad permanently. Biting from negative criticism, MITI has now broadened the scope of its potential clients to include citizens of all ages. And 86 leading Japanese companies, ranging from construction firms to insurance agencies, are eagerly studying the feasibility of providing and co-ordinating services for citizens who wish to live in communities abroad.

But many Japanese say that MITI's project is too exclusive, because it is targeted at citizens who have already lived abroad and have some ability in a foreign language. Shozo Iuchi, 61, a professor at Osaka's Kyoto University, said that the plan "is only for a small fraction of Japanese, a tiny elite." Added 74-year-old Mitsuru Irie, head of a senior citizens' group in the city of Nagoya, 15 km northeast of Osaka: "The project is just a dream for most people. Why can't they come up with something real? Like, something that helps us here?" Meanwhile, middle-aged Tokyo inter-painter Katsumi Ishiyama is undoubtedly relieved that MITI has abandoned a plan that eventually might have persuaded him to take up permanent residence in a foreign country. Reacting to the initial proposal, Ishiyama had declared, "I just want to die here. In Japanese." It was a comment that clearly reflected majority opinion.

—PETER MCGILL in Tokyo

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A new wave of sleuths

When Canadian crime fiction came of age less than a decade ago, much of its appeal sprang from its native locales. Eric Walter's hard-boiled policeman Charlie Baker, operated in a Toronto as specifically recognizable as the Boston of Robert B. Parker's Spenser novels. L.B. Wright (no relation to Eric) sent her K&F Staff Sgt. Karl Alberg sleuthing along British Columbia's Sunshine Coast, and Howard Engel's klutzy Wexley Cooperman finds adventure in and around a fictional version of Engel's home town, St. Catharines, Ont. Not judging from this fall's batch of mysteries and thrillers, Canadian crime fiction has abandoned Canada. The gritty murders and devilish acts of espionage they describe rarely take place on the mean streets of home. The new generation of crime writers, building on the successes of the first wave, may be reaching for the international territory staked out by such black-and-white authors as Robert Ludlum. But while the aim is worthy, most of the novels suggest that

the writers might be better advised to stay home.

In *Rue du Duc* (Methuen), Italian writer Tony Foster begins with the murder of a Paris art dealer. In the dealer's shop, police find portraits of four beautiful young women from which someone has slashed the faces.

The new crime writers are reaching for the international territory staked out by such authors as Robert Ludlum

The simultaneous search for the killer and the identity of the four portrait subjects leads inside the French cabinet, to the upper reaches of the mob in Moscow and to the top levels of NATO in Brussels. Foster's week-in-week prose keeps the action moving at a tumbling pace, but too often the book reads like dry research rather

than novel invention. And curiously, much of the story's mystery is defused by the illustrations on the book jacket of a Nazi officer's uniform draped over a Victorian chair. The cover blurb anticipates a political plot development that Foster saves for the final pages.

K.G.R. Koski and Mark Clark are first-novelists who delve into private passions for their thrillers. Koski, a sergeant on the Toronto police force, served for several years as a police inspector in Hong Kong. In *The Glorious Hunt Wind* (Random House), he has cobbled an erratic tale of murderous competition between British imperialists and Chinese Communists over Hong Kong's rich opium. Clark, of Kingston, Ont., admits to being fascinated by the study and unmaking of the real Jack The Ripper. His novel, *Ripper* (Byron House), offers an ingenious answer to the continuing questions of his subject's identity. Although both Clark and Koski display a talent for evoking the atmosphere of time and place, they seem—at least on the evidence of these debut crime novels—more labored chroniclers than gripping storytellers.

Working against the trend, Vancouver's Laurence Gough sticks closely to home turf. In his first mystery, a police procedural titled *The Gulfish Soul*

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), a serial killer with a freakish fetish is loose in Vancouver, his victims, who are always killed with a Winchester 460 Magnum rifle, have nothing in common except their apparently kinky sex lives. It is up to a dogged, dour homicide detective named Jack Willows to find the link that leads to the sniper. The book's appeal lies less in the puzzle—which will not feel violent to the faint-of-heart—in its characterization of the city. Gough writes in a hard-boiled style that brings sharp authority to Willows, his police colleagues and especially to Vancouver, which has never seemed more intimately seamy.

Carol Shields's precisely crafted novels and short stories have won her a reputation in the higher ranks of CanLit. With *Swerve* (Knopf), the Winnipeg writer makes her crime fiction debut. The story is told from the viewpoint of four characters drawn together by their mutual fascination for the poetry of Mary Swann, a tormented eastern Ontario farmwife who was murdered by her husband 20 years earlier, on the very day she first handed over her poems to a publisher in Kingston, Ont.

The fever—a Chicago feminist academic, a Tasey librarian from Mary Swann's home town, a learned Canadian professor who teaches at Stanford



Mary Swann: kidnapping British monarchs

University in California, and the Kingston publisher—speculate individually on the poet's life and act before they gather for a Swann symposium in Toronto. The meeting of the late poet's followers ends in a light dash of violence and a taste of mild surprise. Shields writes in a gently fascinating and affectionately comic style that at

the same time, the book's whimsical feel suggests that she is merely dabbling in the crime field.

Of all the writers on the fall list, Susan Mayes—a fifth-generation Canadian who lives in Edmonton—is clearly the most comfortable with the mechanics of the global thriller. Her first novel, *Morris's Web* (Grove), an exercise in terrorism set in Wales, shows the sophisticated irony of an early John le Carré. A band of fanatic Welsh nationalists kidnap the small son of the reigning British monarch, a couple not unlike Charles and Di. When the kidnapping, intended as a means of bargaining leverage for Welsh independence, goes disastrously awry, the terrorists have trouble on their hands. They face internal dissension, and prolonged and suspenseful negotiations with British authorities, themselves divided into diabolical special-interest camps.

Mayes, a writer of sustaining grace and control, is masterful at holding together a diverse range of characters and a plot that threatens to fly in a dozen different directions. Plainly, she is a writer in crime fiction. It might be overwriting it, for the setting and characters of her next book, she came home to Canada.

—JACK BATTEN

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BOOKS

Under the Nazi shadow

MORTAL SINS

By Anne Porter

(Fiction, 274 pages, \$22.95)

Paul Zimmerman, the central figure in *Mortal Sins*, is a mystery man who seems to own half of Canada, but rarely speaks to the press or allows his photograph to be taken. But he makes the front page of *The New York Times* when he falls face forward into his dinner at his 50th birthday party and dies, apparently of a heart attack. Freelance writer Judith Hayes receives a tip from Zimmerman's ex-wife that he has been murdered, and she pursues the case—but not without professional help. Her lover, homicide inspector David Parr, develops police secrets between the sheets. Undeterred by an unknown enemy who gains a real foothold on her door, she and Parr follow the trail back to the Hungarian village where Zimmermann grew up and discover a secret that dates back to the Nazi occupation.

Like Porter's first novel, *Midday Agenda*, which also featured Hayes and Parr, *Mortal Sins* is a slick piece of entertainment. The prose is unexceptional, but the pace rarely falters. Among its characters are a lecherous corporate secretary and a sadomasochistic art dealer. As the action careers from Paris to Bermuda, there is a detailed examination of a corpse and a bloody shootout in a Japan. But Tansie is more prominent than in *Midday Agenda*, and Porter seems less apologetic about it, referring to "darkish Lennox" without bothering to identify it as a middle-class neighborhood. Hayes is an engaging heroine, struggling with her weakness for Jack food, the companionship of men, two teenagers and an unbreakable ex-boyfriend.

For all the pretensions of its title, *Mortal Sins* offers few insights into the darker side of human affairs. The book is as bright and breezy as a TV sitcom: one minute Hayes is hasting Lennox, the next she is haranguing her son for tracking mud into the living room. The Nazi angle itself comes across as a contrived and arguably offensive device for introducing evil into a light adventure story. *Mortal Sins* like Porter should avoid going with mad tragedy and let others plumb the depths.

—SHEILA MCKEY



Après ski,
Red stands out.

A literary smorgasbord

THE CANLIT POODBOOK
Compiled and illustrated
by Margaret Atwood
(Collins, 216 pages, \$16.95)

In her introduction to *The Civil Foodbook*, Margaret Atwood writes, "Eating is our earliest metaphor, preceding our consciousness of gender difference, race, nationality and language. We eat before we talk." Food may come before literature, but the two subjects have much in common: both nourish and both have



Armed, armchair cooks, cannibals and champagne

played roles as gifts to the gods—one as a harvest offering, the other as words of prayer. Now, both come together in Atwood's unique and entertaining anthology, in which neither literature nor food holds sway over the other.

Atwood wrote the book to raise funds for the Writers' Development Trust, a Canadian organization sponsoring literary projects and charities, and, for, the international associations that assist writers in prison throughout the world. She arranged the book in 10 sections, each of which includes quotations from Canadian literature and recipes provided by Canadian writers. Some sections are devoted to meals—breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner.

ner—while others deal with those moments in which teeth gnash for other reasons.

The chapter on cannibalism includes selections from works by Atwood (whose novel *The Edible Woman* describes the preparation of a woman-shaped cake), Leonard Cohen (who wrote about Inuit cannibal customs in *Beautiful Losers*) and Timothy Findley, who described the boiling of Noah's son in *Not Wanted on the Voyage*. There are also recipes for Dennis Lee's *Quick Baked Mannequin* and science-fiction author Ruth Primm's Halloween treats with human features.

The recipes are mouth-watering: Atwood's husband, Grams Gibson, offers pot roast with an unconventional twist of lentil, chardale, Ashley Thurner's Ghanaian ground beef with chili for spaghetti, oaks and red pepper, that as "possible" busy recipe also features a pot of unexpected mystery that comes from the cool literary sensibility. Often, these can match the writer's style: the novelist Constance Bernadine-Brown suggests diets of sole in champagne, the profile Nora Berlin offers a generous Christmas gift.

Paraglossa The *Camel's Foot-Book* is more than a literary anthology and more than a Canadian cookbook. It contains a little of everything from all over the world, from those whose very reading tingles the taste buds with delight, juxtaposed with witty selections from novels, stories and poems that often make the reader wish to join the characters at the dinner table. In her introduction, the book's co-author, Anne Macpherson, writes that "other people and travel writing" is a dish enhanced by a gifted writer who may not always result in the preparation of a meal, but, like reading about a marvelous journey, it makes the imaginary experience a reality in the reader's mind. For such armchair travelers, this is a book to savor. Anne Macpherson's book is surely intended

—ALBERTO MANGUEL



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Publisher's Choice



Inside a modern Babylon

THE BUNFIRE OF THE VANITIES
By Tom Wolfe
\$25.95, 420 pages, BOKAID

Tom Wolfe's first novel, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, bears many of the same attributes as his memorable nonfiction works, including *The Right Stuff* and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. There is the same observant eye at work, the same skill at gaudy caricature, the unerring instinct for the spirit of the age and a commitment to thorough reporting. The documentary approach, combined with Wolfe's pumped-up prose, makes *The Bonfire of the Vanities* a highly original and enjoyable fictional experiment.

Wells in his new book writes a comic panorama of what he calls "the Home, the Parrs, the London of the 20th century"—present-day New York City. His social and very recent on the decline and fall of Wall Street head trader Sherman McCoy, a handsome, empty petrifaction with a \$3-million apartment, an interior decorator wife, a daughter in private school and an expensive, stashed mistress. McCoy, who thinks of himself as a "Master of the Universe," is being mercilessly from grace when he makes a wrong turn off the freeway and ends up in a police station, handcuffed, diagnosed with a couple of black youths, results in McCoy being unjustly arrested and prosecuted for hit-and-run charges, an event that triggers catastrophe.

Wells scrutinizes the worlds of Wall Street, the law and the tabloid media as closely as those inhabited by the astronauts and hermits of his confessions.

books. His knowledge of New Yorkers—their attitudes, the rest they pay for, the social codes of their restaurant meals—is encyclopedic. His gallery of marginals ranges from Eugene Lowmyer, McCoy's valet, to a slightly bent but at the same time a nobleman of Pierre & Ponce, to his temptress—a middle-aged Harlots' dream, Rev. Bacon, and a screwing-up corporate British reporter, Peter Falwell. The only omissions? While scorn is aimed at the city's police and prosecutors, who, what ever their ethnic wiles, display "Tut machismo," the conviction that "no rustle what kind of stangle if you got yourself into, you never looked off."

The Mirror of the Twenties, with its breezy banalization of the near American McCoy at the hands of various blacks, Jews and emigrants, will not win Wells many friends among minority groups. At the same time, the reader will applaud his courage in underestimating the potency of the American melting pot. But while Wells is a brilliant student of contemporary society, he lacks a corresponding talent for psychological depth: his characters are motivated solely by a visceral hunger for status. The result is a fiction that stays consistently on the surface.

Not does Wolfe seem much concerned with the credibility of his plot. Not even for a moment does he hint that the tragic fates of Sherman McCoy might be reversed. Still, he has painted an engrossing mural of the howling modern Babylon. *The Bonfire of the Vanities* shows a moralist's angry hand.

— NICHOLSON & W. E. SUTHERLAND

Echoes of a tin flute

ENCHANTMENT AND BORROW
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
GABRIELLE BOY
By Gabrielle Boy
Translation by Patricia Clanton
(Leider & Orpen Design, 122 pages,
\$11.95)

in his 1962 novel *The Hidden Mountain*, Gabriel Roy's hero, the poet-essayist Pierre Cadore, has "the impression of encountering his own self, since he had been, jumpstarting confidently toward the future. Plunging into the past, he crossed paths with himself, headed forward." The first English translation of Roy's unadorned autobiography, *Myself and Others*, and *Sorrow*, of which it forms a part, is the first by a Canadian woman who established herself as one of Canada's finest novelists. *Enchantment* and *Sorrow* cover only the first three decades of Roy's life. It ends in 1938, six years before the published but not acclaimed novel, *The First*, at the age of 38. Roy was working on the first, still unpublished, section of *Myself and Others* when he died in 1982, so that that incomplete work only adds to its charm and mystery.

Enchanted and Barrow owe much to the novelist's craft. Bay seldom cracks the mawkish thread of sentiment with reflections from her later years. She writes, not as the self-assured author of 10 books, but as a young French-Canadian woman struggling to reconcile her strict sense of obligation to her family and her community with the first stirrings of an impulse to create.

She was born in 1900 in St. Boniface, Man., the last of 11 children, of whom only eight survived infancy. Her father, Louis, was a charming sport responsible for establishing French Canadian settlements in the West. It was a job he loved, but one whose meagre salary was depleted by his surprising family. April 30 when Gabrielle was born, he was overshadowed by his wife, Wilma, a mistress of undated macramé, frilly, easily recognizable as the prototype for that long-suffering son of Quebec motherhood, *The Tin Flute's* Rose-Anne.

From her earliest years Roy's sense of identity was shaped by her sensitivity to the tenuous position of French-Canadians outside Quebec. The book opens with the provocative question, "Where did it first dawn on me that I was one of those people destined to be treated as inferior in their own country?" And

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**“TO THE VICTOR
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F. Scott Fitzgerald



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THE SEAL OF EXCELLENCE

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the writes of the impact of her family's roots among the Acadians—the francophone community expelled from Nova Scotia by the British between 1755 and 1763—often left her with a residue of loneliness.

Indeed, after working almost nine years as a rural schoolteacher in Montreal, Roy abandoned her job to travel in Europe. She intended to study drama, but she was damaged by the overblown artifice of classical French theatre. Then, after witnessing a performance of Anton Chekhov's *The Seagull*, she recognized what was to become one of the first principles of her art—Chekhov's use of "words any of us might say on any ordinary day." As her appetite for the everyday grew, she played truant from her studies in favor of long solitary walks through the Paris streets, listening to ordinary people, eavesdropping on their speech patterns and their concerns.

But her lack of direction soon plunged her into a depression. While she hoped fruitlessly for the way ahead to reveal itself, she mourned what she feared was the death of her early promise. That road of longing to meet the hidden self softens Roy's remembrance of things past. An essay of self-doubt is contained in her flat assertion, "One knows less about one's own destiny than about anything else on earth." Only from the perspective of a talent that has reached fulfillment does Roy forgive herself for her youthful anxieties. "In the long run, wasting time has often proved to be its most profitable use for me."

Roy suffered more false starts in London, where she was betrayed by her first love, a Ukrainian-Canadian who played his gloaming music rhapsodies to lure the Ukrainian ahead of his feelings for her. That was followed by an eight-year stay in rural England. While she called her Anglo-Russe compatriots "our English-speaking adolescents," she eventually grew to be more fond of the British than of the French.

In 1949 the threat of war forced her to return to Canada, where she settled in Montreal. There, her autobiography ends—its author just beginning a creative metamorphosis that would lead to achievement and prestige underscored by the dark-eyed girl from St. Boniface.

Enthusiasm and *Servant* offers an opportunity to observe an artist in the process of self-creation. It is a work whose depth of feeling and simplicity of expression—ably captured by translator Patricia Gorton—might cause the reader to overlook its delicate artistry. But Roy, who believed that what is simple is most true, dedicated her craft to that very ideal.

—ANNE BOLLWAY

HOUSING

Sorry, no vacancy

When 35-year-old advertising sales representative Betty Anne Barton returned to Toronto in June after more than a year in England, friends told her that the world had apartment rents surprisingly high. Barton said that she replied, "Don't be stupid. London is expensive. Toronto's not expensive." But then, she added,

The rent, which included a storage area and parking, was breathtakingly reasonable in a city where downtown one-bedroom apartments routinely rent for \$1,000 a month. Although the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. (CMHC) has indicated the average rent for a one-bedroom apartment in Toronto at \$468—compared with



Toronto apartment buildings; Richmond (below): critical shortage of apartments

"when I started looking for a bachelor apartment, I was just amazed at how much everything cost. Anything decent was \$700 or \$800 a month." Barton said that she finally heard about an apartment "through a friend of a friend" and eventually rented a one-bedroom apartment in a high-rise building in central Toronto for \$658. But when she moved in on Sept. 1, she said, "there was gutter water in the walls that were only fixed after I complained. And they did such a shoddy job, the plaster kept falling down. The place was so filthy that I had to use industrial-strength cleansers."

Still, Barton said that she considers herself lucky, and most apartment hunters in Toronto would agree with her

\$415 in Vancouver, \$361 in Winnipeg, \$307 in Montreal and \$444 in Halifax—these figures include already-occupied quarters. They do not reflect current rates in Toronto, where the scarcity of affordable apartments has pushed rents far beyond the reach of the average wage earner. Indeed, the shortage in rental accommodation has become so severe over the past year that many cooperative apartment hunters agree to rent quarters eight times

as expensive and reasonably priced rental accommodation has always been a challenge in major urban centres across the country—but in Toronto, the apartment shortage has reached crisis proportions.

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leaks. The CMHC estimates the current apartment vacancy rate in Metropolitan Toronto at 0.1 per cent—meaning that out of every 1,000 existing apartments, only one is available. That rate is almost two full points behind Montreal and Winnipeg, which have the next lowest at 2.0 per cent.

Some experts attribute the scarcity to the provincial government's system of rent controls, a measure undertaken in 1976 with the intention of protecting tenants from arbitrary and unfair rent increases. But the critics say that the rent controls—which have generally limited annual rent increases to be-

lieved, Toronto's relatively stagnant economy has attracted new residents looking for jobs. "With low supply and lots of demand," he said, "you've got a problem."

Meanwhile, government promises of new low-cost housing have fallen short of a solution. In 1985 the provincial government committed \$500 million to supplying an additional 100,000 units by 1990. But critics say that many more are needed even to begin to accommodate Toronto's growing population. For its part, Metropolitan Toronto Housing Development has made a loan fund of \$19 million available—



Earlier: despite high rents, many look for a place to live

tween four and eight per cent—have reduced the supply of apartments and, as a result, have backfired against tenants. Still, tenants' rights representative Michael Blaser says that the former officials use for working out rent increases is generous to landlords. David Blaser, director of law reform for Metro Toronto's Legal Services, a provincially funded tenants' legal aid clinic: "The legal rents that are permissible are so high, they even exceed the going market rate."

Donald Richmond, general manager of the Metropolitan Toronto Housing Development Corp., which loans money to nonprofit builders, has a different explanation for the problem—the influx of people from the rest of Canada. A general downturn in the economy in some parts of the country, he said, "has resulted in the private sector virtually moving out of the production of rental units in most urban markets in Canada." At the same time, added

but only nonprofit builders or builders of co-operatives can borrow from it. Said Donna Flynn, chairman of greater Toronto's governing body, the Metropolitan Toronto Council: "We wouldn't lend money to people with a profit motive because we're not charging any interest." In any case, added Richmond, since the application of rent controls, private companies have refused to build without "massive subsidies"—which neither the federal nor the provincial government have provided.

One result of the scarcity of apartments has been a growing demand for self-contained units in private homes, known as flats or duplexes. But these are also in short supply—and that situation has focused attention on one possible solution to the problem: the potential rental use in existing, mostly single-family dwellings. Indeed, some experts claim that Toronto offers a mother lode of accommodation. "We

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are probably the most common people in the world," said Richmond. However, that avenue has been frustrated by the fact that most local municipalities in Toronto have strict regulations forbidding single-family homeowners from converting their dwellings into multiple units—or even from renting out their basements.

Flows says that Metro planning officials are encouraging local municipalities to change their zoning bylaws "in order to permit, for example, a second family to live in a house that has adequate space." But he added that municipalities, in turn, must abide by provincial government regulations that will not allow people to live below an acceptable standard. Under any circumstances, he said, basement apartments are illegal, unless a certain portion is above ground.

But some experts say that the biggest obstacle in the way of home-apartment conversions is local ratepayers' groups. Said Richmond, in a colloquial turn of phrase "Those that have got it, got more than they need. And they are saying, 'I'm all right, Jack, and I don't care.'" Still, Blazer said that he is convinced that a large percentage of homeowners would be interested in renting out part of their houses if they were allowed to. Said Blazer: "There are probably tens of thousands of units that could be created overnight." He added that local government should show more leadership. "They have to go ahead and educate people and change people's attitudes."

One Toronto resident who would likely benefit from such a campaign is Cathy Jones, a city employee and the divorced mother of a teenager, who asked to be admitted by a neighbour because she is living illegally in a two-bedroom basement apartment. "I rent paying rent for this dump," she said. "It's horrible, and it's cold here at night. I work, I make almost \$36,000 a year and I'm paying \$600 a month that I can't afford. But I can't afford not to pay it. I really feel trapped."

For his part, Richmond said that the current situation reflects a complete attitude turnaround. "The 'housing crisis' in the 1960s and 1970s meant overcrowded conditions," he said. "People were living in basement flats and garages, and we were trying to get enough housing built to allow people privacy. The great success story of the 1960s is that we were able to do that. Now we have reached the point where we can no longer do it." Indeed, Thompson, grateful just to find a place to live, may well come to regard privacy as a quaint notion from a bygone era.

—MARY MEYER with JENNIFER GARDIN
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Doukin, Lionel Desautels, Graham McPherson: tying glass and collapsing walls

THEATRE

Death on the waterfront

BAROMETER RISING

Reviewed by Richard Oussonian

Last year Richard Oussonian started audiences at Halifax's Neptune Theatre with his Canadian remake of Melville's classic *Typical*, an adaptation that featured characters based on Brian and Milla Mulrooney. In the current season—Oussonian's second as the Neptune's artistic director—he has again reshaped a well-known story, this time with an innovative version of Hugh MacLennan's first novel, the 1941 *Barometer Rising*. The play, which premiered two weeks ago, is ingeniously staged. But Oussonian has failed to solve the central artistic problem of the book: the disastrous shipping explosion at the centre of *Barometer Rising* easily outpaces the human drama.

Like the novel, the play opens five days before the Mount Blaine, a steamer laden with contraband and 1931, collided with another vessel and exploded in Halifax harbor on Dec. 6, 1931. The accident destroyed the city's wealth and killed 8,000 people. *Barometer Rising* tells the story of retired Army Col. Geoffrey Wain, who is trying to cover up a bungled military order that he had given his nephew Neil Macrae during the First World War. Macrae, thought to have

been killed in action in France, suddenly arrives in Halifax and begins a bitter struggle with Wain over who is telling the truth. But that crisis is abated by the catastrophe—which crashes Wain while he has in the arms of his mistress.

Faithful to MacLennan's melodramatic novel, Oussonian has avoided choosing motives with complexity. Still, he makes the audience care about the characters—especially during the gripping first act. And by giving them monologues before they act out key scenes, he has been able to include many of MacLennan's evocative descriptions of Halifax.

The lead actors are culturally effective. Ian Doukin's brooding Macrae is a compelling antagonist for David Barton's appropriately overbearing Wain. But after the explosion, the characters are devastated near the start of the second act, the conflict seems to go up in smoke. Both Oussonian and MacLennan have allowed themselves to be overwhelmed by the enormity of history's own melodrama.

—STEPHEN PEDERSEN

When novelist Hugh MacLennan was 5, he recalls being "blown up to the ceiling" inside his Halifax home by an exploding gas leak. A year later he missed certain death by just two feet when part of the house he was in collapsed—along with most of the north end of Halifax, levelled by the harbor explosion of Dec. 6, 1931. Two decades later the experience helped inspire his first book, *Barometer Rising*.

That novel, the six that followed and several collections of essays established MacLennan as a giant in the Canadian literary landscape. But only one

of his books, the novel *Two Solitudes*, has been turned into a movie—and, he says, "they made a horrible mess of it." But he is full of praise for Oussonian's adaptation, for which his only contributions were a few dramatics last summer and a single lighting change after he saw the preview. Last week, he told Oussonian, "Richard, I wrote this book with dry eyes, and my eyes are wet tonight."

Being his work seemed clearly put the Cape Breton-born writer in a nostalgic mood. He recalled that when the blast occurred, his father—a doctor—was treating wounded veterans in Halifax's Camp Hill Military Hospital. His father immediately ordered everyone to take shelter under their beds, preventing injuries from flying glass.

Now 80, MacLennan has been re-creating those early days for his memoirs. But for the past year he has been unable to concentrate on writing. The reason: a pretracheal battle with his husband, who tried to avert MacLennan and other tenants from their Montreal apartment building, claiming it needed major repairs. Although a provincial court last January granted the tenants the right to stay, the dispute—as a long, unresolvable from

an allergy attack—kept him from writing. Now brenning with energy, MacLennan says, "I'm in pretty fair shape for my age."

—S.P. in Halifax



MacLennan nostalgia

Salty songs for sea dogs

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by Gilbert and Sullivan
Directed and choreographed by
Bruce Macdonald

Queen Victoria is widely remembered for her highly refined sense of amusement. Still, pillars of her empire such as the team of Gilbert and Sullivan often risked royal displeasure. These 1979 musicals, *His Majesty's Man of War*, makes ironic jabs at both the British ruling class and Her Majesty's navy. More than a century later, much of the play's national punch has lost its potency. But the zany, ramshackle child of the music halls manages to achieve the tagging toe of even the most curmudgeonly viewer. *Penelope* demonstrates its buoyancy again in its latest Canadian appearance, at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre. Under director Brian Macdonald, who won two 1987 Tony Awards for his Broadway production of *The Mink*, it suffers from some weak acting and an excess of cuteness. But it still boasts the theatrical waves with most of its roles lively flying.

The comic dynamic at the center of *Penelope* is Ben Mink, the son of Joseph Porter, the pompous first lord of the admiralty. Moody, widely applauded for his creation of *Page* in the stage and film versions of Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist*, brings much of the momentum of this performance to *Penelope*, including a hilarious turkey-strut walk. His finest moment comes with the delivery of Porter's soliloquy, "When I was a lad," the tale of how his dandy-like devotion to principles of modesty was interrupted by the high-spirited antics in the local blackhead. *Penelope* cleverly injects satirical snap into the song, adding verve that pliffs the career of Brian Macdonald.

Some of Macdonald's other intentions go too far, in a hopelessly silly reference to "minkage" in the singing Daily Parrot, a roomba, with a heavy dissonance bears the inscription "Part of the Wave." But a winning overall presence, resulting in a show-stopping overture in the sailor-dance routine under a blustering naval vessel of a Union Jack. *Penelope* may not tell all Broadway, as its producers, Ed and David Minkov, apparently intend. Still, the Toronto launch affords hearty pleasure and high spirits.

—JOHN HENDRICK



Mansbridge, Nash: airport flight announcements, not chocolates at midnight

BROADCASTING

The National's new man

The Americans offer indulgent praise and a reported \$1-million salary. The Canadian counterpart was reemitted with national sentiment and a late-night cup of hot chocolate. Last week Peter Mansbridge, CBC's national correspondent and anchorman of the network's *Evening Report*, turned down a co-anchor position on the CBC network's planned morning news show. He made his decision after a midnight conversation at the Toronto home of Keweenaw Nash, CBC's chief correspondent and *The National*'s anchorman since 1979. Over hot chocolate, Nash offered Mansbridge the strongest endorsement he could to keep the 30-year-old correspondent in Canada. Nash's own job.

As of May 1, 1988, Mansbridge will anchor the CBC's flagship news show. His salary, as much as \$200,000. Nash, stepping down two years before he planned to leave the anchor desk, will host the CBC's expanded *Saturday Night* and *Newsweek* on the *The Tonight Show*. The difficult decision was made by Keweenaw.

From his outset, Mansbridge's career has been the stuff of journalistic dreams. When he was a 19-year-old employee of the airline Transair in Churchill, Man., a CBC Radio executive hired him after hearing his impressive sounding call. Mansbridge, dapper and articulate, Mansbridge rose quickly through CBC ranks, becoming an Ottawa parliamentary reporter at 38.

If Mansbridge had taken the cue post, it would have been one of the most important international moves

for a Canadian broadcaster since Peter Jennings first became ABC's nightly news anchorman in 1965. But the CBC morning show has been plagued by last-place ratings, format changes and fringes. Still, it was his midnight conversation with Nash, and Mansbridge, that "pushed me over the cliff." Added Nash, who turns 40 this week: "The last thing I want to see is the weakening of CBC's journalism, that's what Peter's departure would have meant."

The change of command marks the end of an era. Nash, originally the CBC's most respected face, because the CBC's Washington correspondent in 1961. From 1976 to 1978, as the English network's director of news and current affairs, he played a part in moving *The National* to 11 p.m. from 11 and is creating *The Journal*. Gail Ruddy, a Toronto media manager, describes him as "almost a cult figure." Last routinely shower him with gifts of candy and pictures of their dogs. Ruddy predicts that the change will not affect audience for *The National* and the rival CTV *News*. News—1.8 million and 1.3 million respectively.

What Mansbridge's decision may change is the perception of Canadian journalism. Bud R. Morgan, director of CBC television news and current affairs. "The CBC has been filling high level jobs in the U.S. for long enough. Maybe that great nation will have to stop relying on buying the skills developed in this little one."

—PAMELA BROWN was last column in Toronto

FILMS: BRIEF ENCOUNTERS



Washington, Africa: dignity and humor, without which martyrs are unkillable

CRY FREEDOM

Directed by Sir Richard Attenborough

It is a bitter irony that the protagonist of this first major Hollywood movie about South African apartheid, *Cry Freedom*, is a white man. Ironically, his real name is Steve Biko, the young black activist who died at the hands of South African security police in 1977. But Biko (Daniel Wu) gets the less news time than Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), the white liberal-minded newspaper editor who became Biko's friend and who, after his death, was banned by Pretoria for his anti-apartheid activities. The last of his restricted movements and yet, his wife, Wendy (Penelope Wilton), and their five children under constant surveillance. The last half of

Attenborough's idea of direction is to show how many dead bodies he can squeeze into the camera's field of vision. At the end of *Cry Freedom*, when Woods reaches safety, the action flashes back to the 1976 Soweto police killed 260 people and wounded 4,000—most of them schoolchildren. Democratically and chronologically, the Soweto reconstruction is out of place, seemingly by accident for no other reason than to create a moving finish.

Although Attenborough and screenwriter Jela Brinkley take pains to be politically sensitive, the film-makers seem most concerned with making pretty pictures out of poverty. When Biko and his friends go to Woods' town of the black townships, the effect is somehow surreal. Later, Woods relates the experience to his wife while their black maid (Josephine Simola) serves cold drinks. But the director lacks the sensitivity to show the maid's reaction.

The surging force of *Cry Freedom* is Washington's charismatic performance as Biko. He avails the character with quiet dignity and sharp intelligence, and his determined smile leads him that rough wave of humor without which martyrs quickly become insufferable. Kline's portrait of Woods lacks a key element—fear—

emotion that must have been an ever-present part of his escape. But in *Cry Freedom*, the story of apartheid's chief counsellor has been whitewashed.

—LANCELOT O'ROURKE

STACKING

Directed by Morris Zuck

The title of *Stacking* refers to lay—nothing more, nothing less. The premise sounds hokey with the man of the house in hospital, the family firm is on the brink of financial ruin until a heroic female rides to the rescue on a key-stacking machine. But the female, Anna Mae, is a precocious 14-year-old, played with convincing authority by 13-year-old Megan Follows (*Love of Green Gables*). And *Stacking* neatly sidesteps the clichés of heartland morality tales. Finely acted and lushly photographed, it is an unaffiliated horror drama set against the devastating backdrop of a Montana sky in the 1950s. Aside from Ray Baker's wooden portrayal of Anna Mae's father, the cast is strong. Christine Lahti evokes the faded drama of Anna Mae's mother, a weary former madam yearning for a short-order escape to California. And Frederick Forster achieves quiet dignity as Harter, a shuffling layabout who helps Anna Mae rebuild her father's half-stinking machine. But *Stacking*'s emotional weight rests mainly on the slim shoulders of Follows, who carries it off with the splash of a Hollywood veteran.

—HELEN D. JOHNSON

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. Norman Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
2. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
3. Premchand, *Barfly* (2)
4. Patrick Goss, *Clancy* (2)
5. Maclean and Bell, *Julius* (2)
6. Maclean, *Clancy* (2)
7. Maclean, *Clancy* (2)
8. Maclean, *Clancy* (2)
9. Maclean, *Clancy* (2)
10. Maclean, *Clancy* (2)

NONFICTION

1. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
2. The Times, *Clancy* (2)
3. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
4. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
5. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
6. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
7. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
8. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
9. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)
10. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)

11. Maclean, *Barfly* (2)

—Compiled by Brenda Maclean

A pink, white and azure paradise

By Allan Fotheringham

Bermuda essentially is a state of mind. You think of it and you think instinctively of the foppish Duke of Windsor slung out the way as governor general there, his own pink-and-white Stia exile—soft and rather than Napoleon's bare rock (The sociology file). Actually, the memory didn't work, the fop was governor general of the Bahamas. Bermuda of the mind was all cricket and bayside villa. Nassau, bayside and St. Barts chaps in white knee socks watching cricket matches. Sir Harry Oakes mentioned in his book and all that. But he, too, somehow got moved to the Bahamas. It was not some sultry Caribbean idyll such as Jamaica or Barbados but rather pristine, otherwise, might between Europe and America, but a very serious place, somehow removed from the stuff of life.

With my faded sense of direction, I had gone through life (I'm 38) thinking Bermuda was a spot in the ocean roughly halfway between New York and Ireland. As it turns out, the stubborn jet pilot insists on heading north, south, east, the faded spot being closer to the Caribbean and Florida than anything. As it turns out, it is cheaper to fly from Washington to Bermuda than it is to fly to Toronto. It takes less time to fly from Washington to Bermuda than it does to Toronto, so some airline disputes between Ottawa and the U.S. ordering a stop at beautiful Buffalo or beautiful Rochester. I'm thinking of buying a tennis court on Bermuda and sleeping on it every weekend, if only I could master cricket.

The joint, advertised itself as the second-most isolated island in the world. Without specifying the first, Antares, perhaps, though the flowers are not quite as nice there. It is, indeed, everything else imagined. The houses match the flowers. Those that are not white are pink, and those that are not pink are azure, which matches the sea, which is so beautiful you want to cry.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

Unless you want to contemplate the beach, which has the consistency of fur, dyed the color of your tongue.

There was a great house of parties back around 1900, which was before I was born. Things are more peaceful now, mainly because of the 20-mph speed limit. This does not have to be enforced, since the roads resemble meandering stone-flood lanes in a remote section of Kent, very narrow, very twisty—meaning a bush market for Japanese imported taxis.

I'd been raised on the belief that no cars were allowed on Bermuda, only

the mopeds (each of them containing approximately 375 lb of married steel).

The Royal Gazette (established 1828), the local paper, has a full-length lead editorial on free trade—entitled "Malruay looks to trade pact as lifeline." The economic reference aside, it is not clear whether this is going to swing many votes. One of the reasons all these pink and white and azure mountains sparkle the billions here is because this is a great money-laundering mecca, making night as there with Panama and Grand Cayman Island. But all these Canadian visitors vote Tory in any case. Thanks, Royal Gazette, but we're not sure it's going to swing Saskatchewan.

A popular drink is the Dark-and-Stormy. It is a mixture of Bermuda rum and ginger beer, a concoction that sounds worse than it tastes. It may have something to do with the fact that the only thing more predominant among the fowls than the liquor stores are the churches. There are 22 denominations here, and I don't know why James Jackson and Pat Robertson are waiting their time elsewhere.

There is, in fact, not just one island, but 265, one for every day of the year, the other 264 being tiny oases of flowers, some inhabited, most not, but all surrounded by the sea the color of Mark Oberon's eyes. There are nice parks, most with terribly British names: Panbuck, Devonshire, Warwick, Southampton and so on. A popular Sunday brunch spot is a hotel pub overlooking the sea and featuring a sing-along piano player who eventually bursts into the Lord King in Tigger. It reminds one very much of Gibraltar, another strange refuge that is isolated from the real world.

Most marriages in the world could be cured if some genius—we sent men to the moon, didn't we?—would invent a substance for the vacuum cleaner. In the same mode, Bermuda would be paradise if the same man could devise a muffer for the mopeds that would the ear of the reactor who merely wants to read.



There's vodka. And then there's Smirnoff.

Friends are worth it.

SMIRNOFF

POKKA



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NETWORKING